Mutiny on the Alps by William L. Standard

NEW MASSES

NOVEMBER 9, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

1917-1937

The Soviets' Greatest Achievement

By Joshua Kunitz

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Mr. Dooley on Spain

By Michael Gold

Louis B. Boudin and Earl Browder
Look at the Constitution

Franco Aims at the Mines
Bruce Minton and John Stuart

The Economic Jitters of 1937
David Ramsey

A New Stage in the War Crisis
An Editorial

Robert Briffault's 'Europa in Limbo'
Edwin Berry Burgum

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

RESPONSE to last week's announcement of the forthcoming literary supplement to the NEW MASSES has been immediate and positive. Editors Michael Gold, Horace Gregory, Granville Hicks, and Joshua Kunitz are already busy with a pile of manuscripts. Many authors have written to us offering congratulations and coöperation. Albert Maltz writes: "I think the supplement is a fine project. . . ." Grace Lumpkin writes: "It is very interesting to hear about the new supplement to the NEW MASSES. . . ." Ben Field joins these and others in promising mss. at an early date.

The first issue of the supplement, as previously announced, will appear with the December 7 issue, and regularly with the first issue each month thereafter. It will be distinctive in format and bound separately from (but issued together with) the regular magazine. The supplement will consist of sixteen pages, which in the course of a year will permit of publication of material equal in quantity to two such volumes as *Proletarian Literature in the United States*. There will be no advance in price. This is an auspicious moment, of course, to subscribe for the NEW MASSES so that you won't slip up on any of the special supplement issues. And for those who do their Christmas shopping early, the special supplement will make a subscription to this magazine an especially welcome gift.

The supplement will contain original creative work in prose and poetry, critical essays, literary letters from abroad, studies of literary personalities, and discussions of questions important to the development of Marxist culture. It will seek to provide an outlet for the best of that revolutionary writing against which the pages of bourgeois magazines are more and more being closed. It will be more than a forum; it is hoped to make it a source of inspiration and guidance in the literary field. The need for such a publication has been felt for a long time, and this magazine within a magazine will attempt to meet the need.

We reported some time ago that Edwin Rolfe, formerly one of our staff, had become editor of the *Volunteer for Liberty*, the organ of the English-speaking members of the international anti-fascist volunteers fighting with the Spanish government forces. Rolfe has sent us a biographical article on "El Campesino," the loyalist peasant general whose military genius has become a by-word among loyalists and rebels alike. Watch for it next week or later.

What's What

STUDENT organizations, little theater groups, and similar bodies will be interested to know that the National Service Bureau of the Federal Theatre Project has prepared a list of anti-war plays, both royalty and non-royalty, in English and other languages, which can be had on application to the Bureau at 1697 Broadway, New York. Other lists of plays are also available, including a group of youth plays prepared by the writers of the Federal Theatre Project in collaboration with the National Youth Administration.

Our own Robert Forsythe has been booked on a new Federal Theatre Project radio program entitled "Exploring the Arts and Sciences," which is being air-waved from Station WQXR (New York and vicinity) Friday evenings at 9:45. He will speak November 19 on the nature of American humor. The week following Heywood Broun will speak on the freedom of the press.

Ludwig Renn, the noted German novelist and soldier, will be the principal speaker at a meeting on Spain called by the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy on Tuesday, November 9, at Witherspoon Hall, Philadelphia. Ludwig Renn, the pen name of Baron Arnold Friedrich von Golssenau, turned to writing after serving as an officer in the kaiser's army during the war. He was arrested on the night of the Reichstag fire under the charge of "preparing treason," and imprisoned for two years by the Nazis. In 1936, upon the outbreak of the Spanish rebellion, he went to Spain to form the world famous international brigades, of which he is now chief of staff.

A group of woodcuts by Dan Rico, several of which have been reproduced in the NEW MASSES, are on exhibition at the Village Galleries in New York City until November 30.

Sid Gotcliffe's exhibition, "New York in Linoleum Cuts," at the New School for Social Research in New York City until November 24, also contains many prints which have appeared in these pages.

A series of anti-Nazi radio broadcasts has been started by the Citizens' Anti-Nazi Committee of Philadelphia, which was recently instrumental in putting a crimp in Nazi propaganda there by bringing heavy mass pressure to bear on merchants to remove their names and advertising from the pages of the Nazi *Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter*. The broadcasts, which began this week, are held weekly over Station WIP, Thursdays at 8 p.m.

The Progressive Press Club has been formed in Chicago in support of the forthcoming daily people's paper servicing Chicago and the Middle West. The club, at 77 Washington St., is sponsoring a series of activities of various sorts in support of the forthcoming paper, and launched its campaign Election Day with a talk by Professor M. Sharp.

Who's Who

BRUCE MINTON and John Stuart, who wrote the current *Men Who Lead Labor* (parts of which first appeared in the NEW MASSES), are now in Spain, where they are compiling material for a second collaboration. The projected volume will be a socio-economic study of Spain and the issues in the Spanish war. . . . David Ramsey wrote our recent report on the Atlantic City conference of the C.I.O., and has contributed other articles from time to time on labor, political, and economic subjects. . . . Louis B. Boudin is, as noted previously, an outstanding American constitutional lawyer, being a frequent contributor to the Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and other law reviews and to the *Political Science Quarterly*. . . . William L. Standard is attorney for the National Maritime Union, and also for the C.I.O. Maritime Committee engaged in organizing inland boatmen and longshoremen. He was attorney for the crew of the *S.S. Texan* and is a member of the Morro Castle Proctors' Committee engaged in prosecuting civil claims against the Ward Line. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is associate professor of English at New York University. . . . Herman Michelson, editor of the NEW MASSES, recently returned from an extended stay in the Soviet Union. . . . Millen Brand, who has written for us before, is the author of *The Outward Room*, one of last season's best-selling novels which, like the book Mr. Brand reviews in this issue, dealt with mental illness. . . . Clarence Weinstock is the editor of *Art Front*. . . . Crockett Johnson is art editor of the NEW MASSES. . . . Eleanor Flexner is one of our corps of theater reviewers.

Flashbacks

"HISTORY will not forgive delay by revolutionists who could be victorious today (and will be victorious today) while they risk losing much tomorrow," Lenin wrote to the members of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party on the evening of November 6, 1917. "The government is tottering," he continued. "We must *deal it the death blow* at any cost. To delay action is the same as death." Finishing the letter, he disguised himself, left his quarters, and took direct charge of the forces which made the following day, November 7, the birthday of the Russian Revolution. . . . Seven hundred policemen, aided by federal and state agents, raided seventy-three radical headquarters in New York City on the evening of November 8, 1919, paying tribute in their own way to the second anniversary of the Russian Revolution. Twenty-five tons of literature were seized in these Lusk raids, and a thousand friends of labor. . . . Not to be outdone, Congress, two days later, refused to seat Milwaukee's duly elected representative, Victor L. Berger, a Socialist. . . . And we note in this week of election returns that November 6 is the anniversary of the first election of an American labor-party candidate. Ebenezer Ford, carpenter, was chosen for the New York State Assembly on the Workingmen's ticket on this day in 1829.

THIS WEEK

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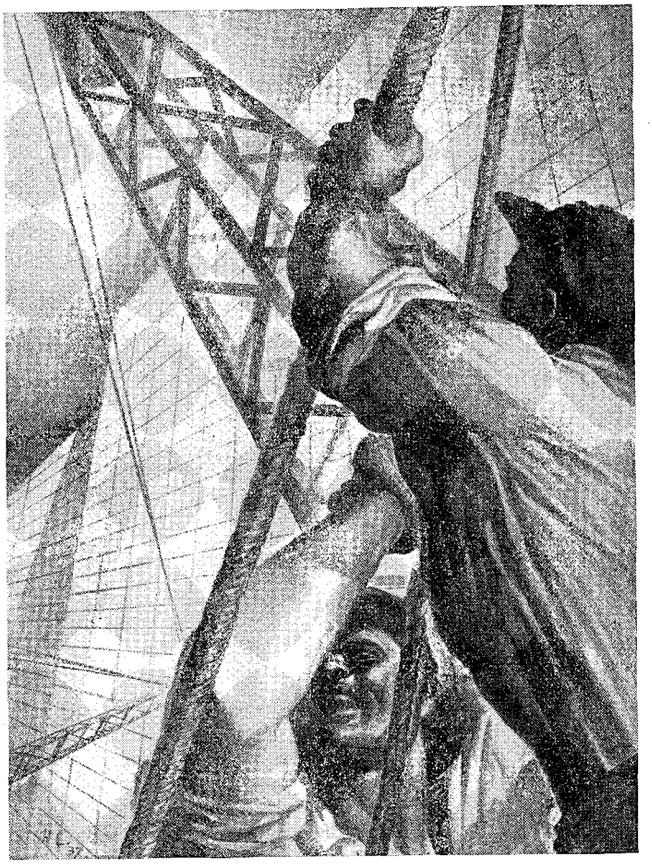

Lithograph by Herschel Levit

The Soviets' Greatest Achievement

Twenty years after the revolution socialist humanism as a conception of the world is triumphant in the U.S.S.R.

By Joshua Kunitz

THE peoples of the U.S.S.R. are this week celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the great socialist revolution. Words, dithyrambs, and pæans seem hollow in the face of the one all-important and unalterable fact that for the first time in the history of mankind, the working masses of a great country have not only seized power, but have held it; have not only held it, but have enormously increased it—in two decades of bitter struggle and superhuman effort. Crushing counter-revolution, repelling invasion, overcoming famine, removing the causes of national friction within the Union, building a powerful revolutionary army, the workers and peasants of the U.S.S.R. have created a modern industry and agriculture, eliminated the old parasitic classes, and erected a mighty socialist fortress that stretches impregnably from the Baltic to the Pacific and from the Arctic to the Pamirs.

An adequate survey of all these achievements would require volumes. In my previous articles in this series, I have attempted in some small measure to show how within twenty short years the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union succeeded in solving the crucial economic and social problems that confronted them. In this article I wish to conclude with a brief discussion of Soviet attainments in the realm of the "spirit." After all, the most convincing proof that Soviet industry and agriculture are progressing excellently and that the economic condition of the Soviet masses has improved immeasurably, would matter little if it could be established, as Mr. Harold Denny maintains in the New York *Times,* that "from a moral standpoint and from the standpoint of spiritual and ethical imponderables . . . the Soviet regime has been disastrous." There is, of course, no universally acceptable standard for "imponderables." Elusive and vague, they yield to neither quantitative nor qualitative analysis. Yet, in a general way, it is no doubt true that material well-being is not everything; and that if Mr. Denny's report concerning the disastrous spiritual effect of the Soviet regime is true, then the road traversed by the Soviet peoples during the last twenty years is indeed a waste, devoid of all meaning and value.

But consistency, as has been demonstrated in this series before, is not one of Harold Denny's outstanding virtues. It is characteristic of his reportorial method that elsewhere in his article he manages to ignore what he had just declared to be an incontrovertible fact and proceeds to expatiate on the "range and vitality of the Soviet arts," admitting that "from a cultural standpoint the Soviet Union can point to many fine achievements," that the "Soviet government lavishes support upon science," that the "Soviet has pursued a highly enlightened policy in regard to music, the theater, and to a certain extent literature," and that the "Soviet's efforts in education are worthy of the highest praise."

Now culture—the theater, music, literature, science, cinematography, education, explora-

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tion, etc.—belongs to what may be called the realm of the "imponderables," the "spirit." And it is somewhat difficult to see how Mr. Denny can square "many fine cultural achievements" with a regime that from the standpoint of spiritual imponderables has been "disastrous."

That the cultural achievements have been "many" and "fine" there can be little doubt, as even a brief glance at the following figures will show. (I know that people detest statistics, nevertheless I urge the reader not to skip them, but, on the contrary, to study, ponder, and absorb them. They are exhilarating.)

In 1914-15 czarist Russia had 7,800,000 students in its elementary and secondary schools; in 1937 the total number of students in the Soviet elementary and secondary schools was over 30,000,000. In 1914-15, czarist Russia had 91 higher institutions of learning with a student body of slightly more than 124,000; in 1935-36 the Soviet Union had 595 such institutions with 524,800 students; in 1937 the graduating classes alone comprised 93,800 students. These figures do not take into account the various schools for adults, the countless study circles, and the classes all over the country for "liquidating" illiteracy.

In 1914 czarist Russia had 12,600 libraries with 8,900,000 books. In 1936 the Soviet Union had 55,400 libraries with 115,600,000 books.

In 1913 czarist Russia had 859 newspapers with a total circulation of 2,700,000; in 1936 the Soviet Union had 9250 newspapers with a total circulation of 38,000,000.

In 1913 czarist Russia published 26,200 books with a total circulation of 86,700,000; in 1936, the Soviet Union published 43,300 books with a total circulation of 571,000,000.

In 1914 czarist Russia had 176 theaters and circuses; in 1936 the Soviet Union had 724 theaters and circuses.

In 1914 czarist Russia had 112 museums; in 1936 Soviet Russia had 738 museums.

In 1914 czarist Russia had all together 200 clubs and cottage libraries; in 1936 the Soviet Union had 71,200 such institutions.

These are cold figures. They do not tell the whole story. The appetite for culture, enormously stimulated by the revolution, has hardly been satisfied. There is a great hunger in the land, a hunger for schools, books, newspapers, theaters, musical instruments, radios. The supply cannot possibly keep pace with the mounting demand. And if the figures cited above bear witness to the splendid progress of the Soviet spirit, the rising clamor for more and ever more "cultural wares" suggests that what we have witnessed so far is just the beginning of an advance whose potentialities cannot now be even remotely envisaged.

Let me illustrate. Last spring the Writers' Union in Moscow hit upon the novel idea of declaring May 24 a "poetry day." The Central Park of Culture and Rest had set aside a special poets' section and had decorated it with huge portraits under which were placed tables and chairs. A poet was assigned to each table. From noon on, the poets were stationed there, each at his appointed place. They read poems submitted to them by the public, criticized, offered expert advice, and answered all possible questions pertaining to poetry, poets, and the poetic life of the country. The whole day the poets' section was crowded with young people. The poets, thrilled and perspired, valiantly went through with their task. The formal part of the celebration took place in the evening. The open-air stages in all the city parks were taken over by the poets. The public, having been notified in advance where the various poets would appear, there was a minimum of confusion: people went to those points where they knew they would see and hear their favorites.

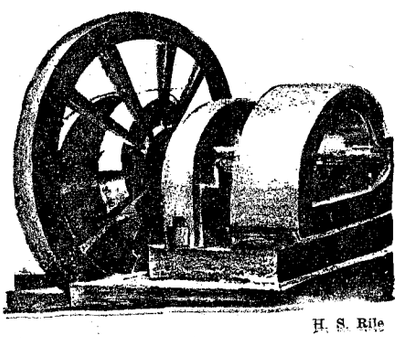
I chose to go to the Green Theater in the Central Park of Culture and Rest. Though tickets were fairly expensive, about sixteen thousand poetry enthusiasts crowded the huge amphitheater. On the brightly illumined platform, seated at a long table were fifteen popular poets: Golodny, Surkov, Althausen, Hidas, Svetlov, Zharov, Utkin, and others. Each poet recited one of his more popular poems. In not a few cases, acceding to the clamorous demand from the audience, poets read encores. Then opera stars rendered songs composed to the verses written by the poets present. The response to both the poetry and the songs was more than tumultuous.

Similar crowds of poetry lovers had assembled around the platforms in the other parks. The whole experiment proved such a colossal success that the writers' organization is considering declaring May 24 an annual poetry day for the whole country.

I can think of no capitalist land where such a poetry day ever occurred to anyone even as a utopian idea. Yet in the Soviet atmosphere such occurrences, such evidences of "spiritual disaster," seem almost commonplace, and foreign correspondents do not even trouble to mention them in their dispatches.

Take the upsurge of folk art in the Soviet Union. In *Dawn over Samarkand,* published several years ago, I cited numerous examples of the beautiful poetry that is being created by the Uzbek and Tadjik bards. I then wrote:

> If numbers and statistics afford an objective standard of Soviet achievement, the reaction of the Soviet peoples to those achievements, the subjective element is most clearly reflected in their folk-songs, legends, plays, and literature. In a sense, the nameless folk bards tell us more about the effect of the revolution than mountains of official statistics and libraries-full of ponderous tomes of interpretations by foreign observers, travelers, and newspaper correspondents can possibly convey. . . .
>
> While the enemies of the Bolshevik revolution all over the capitalist world are shedding crocodile tears over the tyranny, despotism, hunger, drabness, and horrors of the Soviet regime, the "Soviet folk sings," the "sweet-tongued" poets of Soviet Asia, in the words of the anonymous Tadjik bard, sing of their freedom, sing about an airplane, sing of beautiful future days, make songs about Lenin. . . . The unprecedented sense of release brought by the revolution has found expression in countless poems and folksongs in all the languages in the Soviet Union.



H. S. Rile

What I wrote then still holds true. I have before me a comprehensive collection of folk poetry published in the Soviet Union in connection with the twentieth anniversary of the revolution. Almost all of the peoples in the U.S.S.R. are represented, and almost every phase of Soviet life is reflected. The plaintive note that characterized so much of the prerevolutionary folk poetry is absent. A spirit of joy, vigor, confidence in the future, and, above all, a delightfully wholesome realism distinguish the collection. Such is the folk spirit under the Soviets. And regardless of where the folk bards sing, whether in the mountains of the Caucasus or on the tundras of Siberia, in the forests of Karelia or on the steppes of the Ukraine, the *leitmotif* is everywhere and always the same—love for the socialist fatherland and faith in the ultimate triumph of socialism throughout the world.

If space permitted, I could demonstrate that the same joy and the same faith permeate the Soviet theater, dance, music, literature, philosophy, and science. But it would scarcely be necessary. There is one Soviet art that is quite accessible to the American public, and that is the art of the motion picture. All one has to do is recall such movies as the *Road to Life, Three Songs of Lenin, Chapayev, We Are from Kronstadt, The Last Night,* the *Baltic Deputy;* and the wail about the "disastrous" moral and spiritual effect of the Soviet regime will be recognized for what it really is—an imposition on the credulity of the reader.

The point is that the bourgeois correspondent's "moral standpoint," whether he knows it or not, is a class standpoint. He does not seem to realize that in order to understand the behavior of any group, one must try to understand its moral postulates. The same situation may elicit different moral judgments from people of different class interests and sympathies. For example, striking workers regard a strikebreaker as a scab, a traitor, and consider it their *moral* duty to prevent him from working, by persuasion or force. The factory owner, on the other hand, regards the scab as a savior, and the strikers as immoral monsters who are infringing on the personal freedom of himself as well as the scab.

I remember discussing Fallada's *Little Man, What Now?* with a young Soviet critic. The young man was deeply distressed by the "terrible poison of pessimism" that pervaded most of the works of contemporary Western European and American writers. To this

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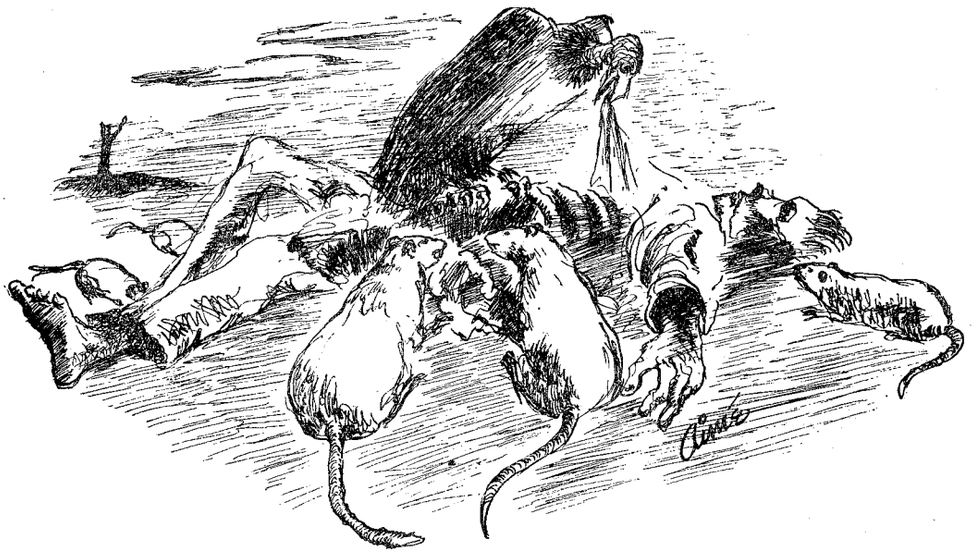

Aimé

"There's a definite upswing. They say Hitler and Mussolini plan to save the whole world from communism."

youthful Soviet citizen nothing could have been more devastating than a system of society such as he saw revealed in those books—"a system that oppresses and tortures people." It may surprise some Americans that the young Soviet critic did not like these pessimistic books, despite their mordant exposés of capitalism. He felt that in depicting people as crushed and insignificant, degenerate and cowardly, without a trace of human self-respect or dignity, without any will left for resistance and struggle, these books actually helped the capitalists to keep the masses in subjection, undermining their belief in their own power and in the purposefulness of struggle. "Escape?" these books seem to say, "There is none. Man is doomed to suffer. . . . All struggle is futile. . . ." Implicit in the "bourgeois mixture of pity and contempt," the Soviet critic thought, was a corroding disbelief in man, an attitude, he proudly contended, that was "thoroughly alien to the system of human relations prevailing in the Soviet Union, a system based on a passionate faith in man, on a deep sense of the great spiritual potentialities of the masses, and on an absolute confidence in the final victory over capitalism."

Imagine quoting to this young man Harold Denny's observation. He would burst into peals of Homeric laughter. Without a single moment's hesitation he would attack the phariseeism and hypocrisy of capitalist morality. He would point to the periodic economic crises, chronic unemployment, insecurity, cut-throat competition, profit chasing, exploitation of man by man, cynicism in politics, crookedness in diplomacy, and sensationalism in the press as factors responsible for the demoralization of life under capitalism. He would quote books written under capitalism to show that youth in the capitalist countries was frustrated by the lack of opportunity, that under capitalism people could not freely choose their careers; they could not marry or have children. He would prove that it was money and the pursuit of money that dominated the whole of capitalist society, and that chauvinism, race hatred, religious prejudice, racketeering, gangsterism, lynchings, and pogroms were all inherent in the capitalist regime. And I doubt that the bourgeois critic would have very much of a defense.

THE MORAL POSTULATE underlying all of Soviet life, its art and literature, its law and justice, has been clearly formulated by Lenin when he stated that the primary principle of Bolshevik morality is to do "everything that is necessary for the annihilation of the old exploiting social order and for the uniting of the proletariat." What Lenin particularly stressed was "close discipline" in the "conscious war against the exploiters." This same concept was also suggested by Stalin when he said that his life would be "utterly aimless" if every step taken by him were not taken for the purpose of improving the conditions of the working class.

A more elaborate statement of Soviet ethics was given in a recent issue of the newspaper *Pravda,* the central organ of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. In discussing the "Moral Countenance of a Bolshevik," *Pravda* editorially declared in part:

> Our ethics are subject to the interests of the class struggle of the proletariat and are deduced from the greatest struggle in human history for the establishment of a new socialist society, a new psychology, a new complex of feelings, conceptions, and habits among millions of toilers. Man changes in the active process of socialist construction. By refashioning one-sixth of the world, the workers—the leading class in our country—refashion not only themselves, but also the peasantry and the intelligentsia, and develop among all toilers new socialist qualities, new attitudes toward labor, the state, the collective, and society. . . . Socialist humanism implies absolute consecration to principle and ruthless struggle, without any bourgeois sentimentality, against each and every enemy of the revolution. . . . There can be no higher aim than to live and create in the name of Communism for the benefit of the millions; than to prepare for the coming battles. . . . We are creators of our own destiny, we have ourselves created our norms of human conduct, our morality, and ethics. Communism carries with it not asceticism, but the joy of living, vigor, multifariousness of spiritual interests, the flowering of the free personality. . . .

If I were asked to sum up in one phrase all of Soviet culture and ethics, all of that vast complex of imponderables which give meaning and value to Soviet life, I should unhesitatingly say *socialist humanism.* Though he did not use the term, my friend, the young Soviet critic, actually expressed the socialist humanist credo. Soviet civilization, the system of human relations prevailing in the Soviet Union, is based on a passionate faith in and love for man, both as an individual and as a member of the toilers' democracy; an unswerving faith in the purposefulness of life and in the ability of the masses to mold the world nearer to their hearts' desire. Vigor, dynamism, revolutionary optimism, and a keen sense of reality are features of socialist humanism—these, and a broad, all-embracing, working-class internationalism.

Naturally, the more intense the love for humanity, for the freedom and dignity of man's personality, the more intense the hatred for the enemies of humanity, for the despoilers of human freedom and the detractors of man's personality. The ethics of the ravishers of Ethiopia, Spain, and China are the very antithesis of the socialist humanist ideal, and for this there is no tolerance. To the average Soviet citizen there can be nothing so morally disastrous as, for instance, the monstrous tolerance or monstrous cowardice which the bourgeois "humanitarians" and "democrats" manifest with regard to the worst enemies of progress and humanity—the fascists. For the fascists, as for anyone who for whatever ostensibly "tactical," or "political," or "revolutionary" reason will form alliances with them, the average Soviet citizen has nothing but a burning hatred.

Socialist humanism can be neither soft nor sentimental; it is sternly realistic, and its detestation of oppression, exploitation, and chauvinism is the psychological counterpart of its regard for the human being. Mr. Denny sees in the austere punishment meted out to the fascist spies and agents a sign of moral disaster. He does not understand that the Soviet citizen's approval of the ruthless extermination of the fascists and their spying, wrecking, and sabotaging agents within the Soviet Union is the psychological concomitant of his readiness to lay down his own life for the defense of socialist democracy.

In the midst of the frightened, desperate, brutalized madhouse of decaying capitalism, the exalted, forward-looking, socialist-humanist conception of the world and man's heroic role in refashioning it, implanted in millions of Soviet hearts, should be counted among the most monumental achievements of twenty years of Soviet power and among the most precious contributions that Soviet democracy has made to the working masses of the world.

(This is the last of a series of four articles on the Soviet Union by Joshua Kunitz.)

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Mr. Dooley on Spain

In which a famous character in American journalism and his friend Mr. Hennessy mull over the Catholic Church position

By Michael Gold

It's obvious that if Abe Lincoln were alive today, or Thomas Jefferson, they would be on the side of the Spanish people against the fascist landlords. But I also claim that if Mr. Dooley were alive, he would be on the same side, too. So I have cribbed a few extracts from his famous conversations of forty years ago to prove my contention. See if I'm wrong.—M. G.

"I SEE be the papers," said Mr. Hennessy, "that the Deuce has consinted to the playdin' of England, and has took his sodgers out iv Spain."

"Ay," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis gly-orious fun. I fair shplit me underwear laughin'. Whiniver the wurrld is milincholy, England cuts a pr-rank or two, to relayve the siteration. Them British lor-rds has chased the glooms from Hindus, African Boors, and even us miserable Ir-rish. Now they seen there was sorrow in Spain, and leppt into the braych wit' the old Sassenach joke-book. Noblis obliged. Them lor-rds has hearts big as a five-pound note, Hinnissy, and their ginirosity is only axcaded be the jan-yus of their invintions.

"That Deuce could nivver have thought up this gr-rat ivacuation game for amusin' the gloom-shtruck Span-yards. The Deuce is one of your fire-atin', wife-batin', proud barbers, to whom laughter is a mhor-tal insoolt. 'Twas the jan-yel British landlor-rds give him the idee. No Ir-rishman can mistake the stoy-le of it."

Mr. Hennessy frowned. "I'm all distracted wit' Spain," he confessed. "Father Donahue says it's a war of the Pope agin the Arnychists. Now ye say England is wit' us. That makes me on-aisy."

"I don't know much about Arnychists," said Mr. Dooley. "We had them here in Chi-cago, wanst. They wint against polismen, mostly. Mebbe that's because polismen is th' nearest things to kings they cud find in Chicago. But, annyhow, I sometimes think I know why they're Arnychists somewhere, and why they ain't in other places.

"It minds me iv what happened wanst in me cousin Terence's fam'ly. They was livin' down near Healey's slough in wan iv thim ol' Doherty's houses—not Doherty that ye know, the j'iner, a good man whin he don't drink. No, 'twas an ol' grouch iv a man be th' name iv Malachi Doherty that used to keep five-day notices in his thrunk, and owned his own privit justice iv th' peace.

"Me cousin Terence was as dacint a man as iver shoed a hor-rse; an' his wife was a good woman, too, though I niver took much to th' Dolans. Fr'm Tipperary, they was, an' too handy throwin' things at ye. But he had a nice fam'ly growin' up, an' I niver knowed people that lived together more quiet and amyable. 'Twas good f'r to see thim settin' ar-round th' parlor, Terence spellin' out the newspaper, and his good woman mendin' socks, and Honoria playin' th' 'Vale iv Avoca' on th' pianny, and th' kids r-rowlin' on th' flure.

"But wan day it happened that that whole fam'ly began to rasp on wan another. Honoria'd set down at th' pianny, an' th' old man'd growl: 'For th' love iv th' saints, close down that hurdy-gurdy, and lave a man injye his headache!' An' the good woman scolded Terence, an' the kids pulled th' leg fr'm under the stove; an' whin the big boy Mike come home fr'm Omaha, he found none iv thim speakin' to th' others.

"He cud do nawthin', and he wint f'r Father Kelly. Father Kelly sniffed th' air whin he come in, an' says he, 'Terence, what's the matter with yer catch basin?'

"'I dinnaw,' growled Terence. 'Well,' says Father Kelly, 'ye put on yer hat this minyit, and go out f'r a plumber,' he says. 'I'm not needed here,' he says. 'Yer souls ar-re all r-right,' he says, 'but your plumbing system is out of order,' he says. 'Fetch in a plumber,' he says, 'whilst I go down to landlor-rd Doherty and make him think his lease on th' hereafter is defective,' he says."

"YE'RE RIGHT," says Mr. Hennessy, who had followed the argument dimly.

"Iv coorse I'm right," said Mr. Dooley. "What they need over there in Spain is not a priest, but a plumber."

"It's a mess," muttered Mr. Hennessy. "Plumbin' or no, Father Donahue says Hitler is a murderin' atheist who deshtroys priests and nuns. But he's on our side in Spain."

"Mussolini, Roosevelt, Spain, Wally, Edward, Hitler, Japan, Lewis, C.I.O., China, Supreme Court, Russia. . . . They all give me a big laugh!"

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"He is," said Mr. Dooley.

"An' them black heathen Moors, be they wit' us or wit' the Arnychists?"

"They're our own bhoys," said Mr. Dooley.

"And th' Deuce," Mr. Hennessy asked suspiciously, "he's a bit iv a black-hearted, howlin' atheist, too, ain't he, Dooley?"

"That he is."

Mr. Hennessy scratched his skull with his pipe, and spat in disgust. "It's a mess," he repeated, "and it's onnatural. Why would all them Protestant atheists and priest-killers be fightin' for the Pope?"

"Ye must ask Father Donahue," said Mr. Dooley. " 'Tis a tay-ological question too deep for a saloon-keeper like meself. But I remimber that when hot-headed young Father Kelly made a fracas wit' his queer idees about plumbin', Doherty the landlord immayjiately called on his owld frind, the bishop. And in a wink, ye might say, Father Kelly was thransferred to a pray-ree parish where there's no tinimints to keep a young priest away from his miditations. In the slough, all wint on peaceful as befure, and the plumbin' ain't fixed yit."

"Maynin' what?" said Mr. Hennessy, belligerently. "That the Pope is on the side of landlor-rds?"

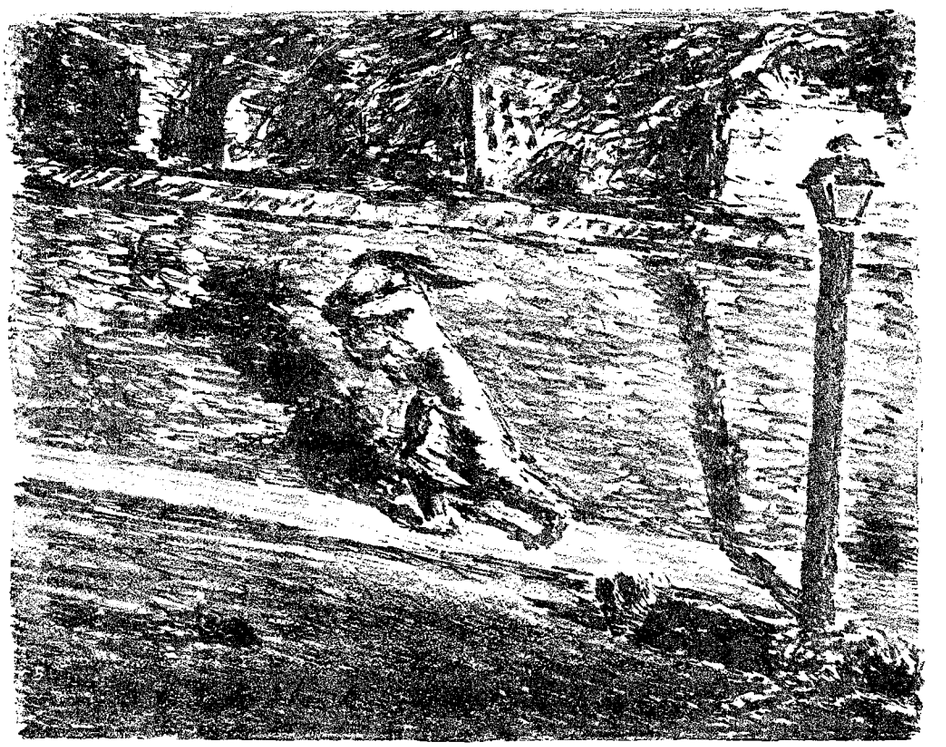
"I dinnaw," said Mr. Dooley. "But I'm thinkin' there must be some Britisher has the ear of the Pope. The Span-yards is foightin' for a bit of land, like us Dooleys has fought in Ir-reland for nine ginirations. Readin' the papers these days makes me feel homesick for me youth. Sure, I must have some cousins in Spain, the resimblance is so startlin'. Now why would the Pope be foightin' agin all those Spanish Dooleys, onless some rascal was decayvin' him?"

"Me own grandfather was hung in the famine for reymovin' a bloodsuckin' landlor-rd," said Mr. Hennessy gloomily. "But it's different in Spain. The landlor-rds there is Catholic, and the other side is Rooshian Arnychists."

"No Dooley was iver a Rooshian Arnychist," said Mr. Dooley calmly. "I deny that, Hinnissy. And I rimimber ye're grandfather, Hinnissy; I'll tell ye of him. 'Twas a Catholic landlor-rd he kilt; we had them in Ireland, too. I was a little bit iv a kid thin, hardly high enough to look into the pot iv stirabout on th' peat fire. Dorsey was the landlord's name—Willum Edmund Fitzgerald Dorsey, justice iv th' peace, mimber iv Parlyment. No one knew how much land that man had in his own r-right. Ye cud walk f'r a day without lavin' it, bog an' oat-field and pasthure and game presarves. He was smothered wit' money, and he lived in a house big as the Blackstone Hotel.

"He had the r-reputation iv bein' a good landlor-rd so long as th' crops come regular. He was vilent, it's thrue, an' 'd as lave as not cut a farmer acrost th' face wit' his whip f'r crossin' the thrail iv th' fox; f'r this Dorsey was a gr-reat huntsman, bad scran to his evil face.

"But he was liberal with his money, and Hinnissy, that's a thrait kivers a multitude iv sins. He give freely to th' church, and was as gin'rous to the priest as to the parson. He had the gintry f'r miles around to his big house f'r balls and dinners and huntin' meetin's, and half the little shopkeepers in the neighborin' town lived on the money he spint f'r the things he didn't bring from Dublin or London.



Souto

"But wan year there was a flood iv rain, an' th' next year another flood, an' th' third year there wasn't a lumper turned up that wasn't black-blue to th' heart. We was betther off than most, and we suffered our share, Gawd knows; but thim that was scrapin' the sod f'r a bare livin' fr'm day to day perished like cattle in the field.

"Then come th' writs and th' evictions. Th' bailiffs drove out in squads, seizin' cattle and turnin' people into the r-roads. Nawthin' would soften th' hear-rt iv Dorsey. I seen the priest and th' 'Piscopal ministher dhrivin' over to plead with him wan night; an' the good man stopped at our house comin' back, and spent th' night with us.

"I heerd him tell me father what Dorsey said. 'Haven't I been lib'ral with me people?' he says. 'Haven't I given freely to ye're churches? Haven't I put up soup-houses an' dishtributed blankets whin th' weather was cold? Haven't I kept th' shopkeepers iv the town beyant fr'm starvin' be thradin' with thim? But I'll have me rights. These here people owes their rent, and I'll get th' rent or th' farms if I have to call on ivry rig'mint fr'm Bombay to Cape Clear, an' turn ivry oat-field into a pasture f'r me cattle. I stand on th' law. I'm a just man, an' I ask no more thin what belongs to me.'

"Well, ivry night they was a party in his big house on th' hill, with lor-rds come fr'm miles around. Th' tinants trudgin' over the muddy roads with the cops chasin' after thim cud see the light poorin' fr'm th' big house and hear Devine's band playin' to th' dancers. Th' shopkeepers lived in clover, and thanked hivin f'r a good landlor-rd. But wan avenin' come by a black man be th' name iv Hinnissy, ye're grandfather it was, that had thramped acrost th' hills from Galway just in time to rent f'r th' potato rot. He was takin' his sick babby in his arms and from the road seen the music and th' dancin' and th' lights on th' hill. An' th' babby died not long after, and ye're grandfather wint an' hid himself in a hedge along th' same road with a shotgun loaded with hardware under his coat.

"Th' Irish ar're poor marksmen, Hinnissy, except whin they fire in platoons; but whin Dorsey loomed up in th' moonlight on his big black horse he cud no more be missed thin' th' r-rock iv Cashel. He niver knowed what hit him; an' Pether th' Packer come down th' followin' month, an' a jury iv shopkeepers hanged Hinnissy so fast it med even th' judge smile."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "it was murdher, an' I suppose he desarved it, though th' provocation was gr-reat, an' I'd 've starved to death befure I'd give th' verdict."

"But ye've cast ye're verdict against th' Spanish Hinnissys," said Mr. Dooley.

"Are ye with th' Pope or aginst him?" Hennessy demanded, hotly. "That's th' argyment now, Dooley."

"I am with th' Pope, here and hereafter," said Mr. Dooley, "but I can't go agin a poor Dooley or Hinnissy, even whin he's a Span-yard. Shure, Hinnissy, there's Catholics on both sides in Spain. It's not a fight over tay-ology, as I see it, but a battle over plumbin', potatoes, and landlor-rds like Dorsey. Ye shud ask Father Kelly."

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Franco Aims at the Mines

The fascist campaigns have been directed toward the capture of mines, the scramble for which may yet split Germany and Italy

By Bruce Minton and John Stuart

VALENCIA.

EVERY offensive initiated by the Spanish fascist army, with the exception of the abortive attempt to enter Madrid, has had a definite and immediate economic objective—the seizure of mines and mineral deposits. Spain is one of the richest European countries in minerals of almost every description, and the fascist plan of attack reveals their obsession with these reserves. The offensive against Madrid only proves the point: a quick thrust, if it succeeded in overwhelming the capital, would have served, the fascists hoped, to demoralize the government forces and to clinch victory without further tedious and costly delay. And truly Madrid's capture in the fall of 1936 would have been a severe psychological, if not a tactically mortal, blow to the republic.

The seven other major offensives launched by Franco aimed straight at the mines. In the province of Cordoba, the fascists occupied the Penarroya coal deposits, forty miles northwest of the city of Cordoba. Some miles east of Penarroya, Franco was stopped before his army reached Linares, site of the third largest lead-producing mines in Spain. At Puertollano, the rebels again attempted without success to seize the coal fields and what attracted them even more, the Almaden mercury mines, richest and largest in the world. On the Aragon front, the insurgents thrust toward the Utrillas coal mines of Teruel. This region formerly produced more lignite than any other section of Spain, and embraced the second largest coal reserve as well as the third largest iron deposits on the peninsula. Here the fascists could also obtain sulphur. But again the rebels failed quite to reach the prize.

The North, however, fared badly, because its position made communications between the Basque country and the rest of loyalist Spain almost impossible, and sufficient military aid out of the question. The capture of Bilbao and Santander gave the rebels mines which produced more iron in 1935 than any other area of Spain, as well as other deposits that accounted for approximately 90 percent of the zinc produced in Spain. At this writing, Gijon has not yet fallen, but its capture would give Franco control over Asturian iron and the large coal reserves that accounted for four-fifths of the country's coal production prior to the rebellion.

Today the mineral wealth of Spain is held almost equally by the rebels and the government. The richest province that has been occupied by the fascists since the outbreak of the rebellion is Huelva, bordering Portugal on the west and the Gulf of Cadiz on the south. Here are found 485 million tons of pyrite deposits, 50 percent of the world's reserves. Here also the insurgents control sulphur mines which produced 18,000 tons in 1934, over twice as much sulphur as all the rest of Spain; some manganese; and all the copper so far exploited on the peninsula along with reserves of more than 200 million tons. At Beleares they possess lignite, of which 33,820 tons was mined in 1934. They hold the vast potash basin of Navarre, as yet unexploited and only recently discovered, but with a potential yield of close to 100 million tons of potassium salts. There is some lead and much iron—a reserve of probably 27 million tons—near Santander, and the zinc produced in this region, (6040 tons in December 1935) exceeded by ten times the volume produced by any other zinc mines in Spain. The iron mines of Morocco, also in fascist hands, yield ore of which 65 percent is metal. They possess probable reserves of 354 million tons of coal in Penarroya, Palencia, and Leon, reserves of over 360 million tons in Galicia, Leon, the Basque country, and Navarre.

For its part, the government retains the mercury deposits of Almaden, unequaled in quality and quantity anywhere in the world. Moreover, 80 percent of the lead mines remain in loyalist territory, plus all the potash (except the unexploited deposits of Navarre). In addition, the republic holds the largest reserves of coal, some iron, a little zinc and sulphur, and unworked deposits of pyrites.

SUCH a listing of minerals held by the rebels and the republic falls short of presenting a complete picture of the wealth each side can utilize, in the same manner as pins on the map marking the present battle lines fail to indicate the relative fighting strength of the opposing armies. For example, though the government and the fascists each hold valuable coal fields, both sides must still import coal. In Teruel, the government cannot work its mines because all transportation lines lead to Saragossa, held by the fascists. The same predicament in reverse prevents the rebels from exploiting the Penarroya deposits, since the government dominates the railroads to Cordoba and Granada. The government manages to remove 1500 tons of coal daily from the Puertollano mines, but consumption far surpasses this amount. Despite sufficient coal in Spain to provide normal needs, the loyalists are forced to import coal from England, France, and the Soviet Union (thereby risking the loss of cargoes sunk by pirate submarines generously supplied by Mussolini), and the rebels, free from this danger, must buy coal from England.

Some of the iron mines in Almería and Murcia, controlled by the republic, still work, yet export of iron ore has ceased since freight rates, drastically increased by the unlawful sinkings in the Mediterranean, automatically forbid the exportation of cheap ore. Lead, more costly, is still sent in normal amounts—30 percent of production—to France and the Soviet Union. These markets remain the only two open to the government: sales to England are out of the question as shipments must pass through the fascist-patrolled Strait of Gibraltar. Mercury flows from the government mine at Almaden in the same quantities as before the war, except that former agreements regulating prices and amounts are not observed now that the treaty between Spain and Italy controlling the world market is inoperative. Mining of Catalonian potash (next to pyrites the richest mineral resource of Spain) continues, but exports have ceased partly because the war dislocated production, partly because the international cartel controlling potash sales immediately adopted a "neutral" attitude toward the loyalist government and banned Spanish potash from the world market—thus "impartially" aiding the rebels.

Commercially the Spanish fascists have a brighter outlook. The non-intervention policy, seemingly designed to aid intervention in favor of the rebels, failed to prevent piracy that menaced loyalist shipping and thus helped to blockade outgoing as well as incoming ships from government ports. In addition, the risk raised freight rates exorbitantly on all cargoes going to and from loyalist harbors. At the same time, fascist boats and other ships plying to and from fascist ports went unmolested—as international law requires—and freight rates remained far lower for the rebels than for the loyalists.

As a consequence, Franco can export great amounts of pyrites to Germany without fear of loss. A brisk export business flows from the rich iron mines of Morocco, mostly to Germany, and copper, produced in Huelva, is exported steadily. Once the mines of Bilbao and Santander resume operations—it will take at least six months to put them into shape after the damage done to them by the guns of the invaders—the rebels can profitably ship iron, coal, and zinc. Up to now, except for the valuable pyrite mines of Huelva, which fell into the fascist hands at the beginning of the war, the various offensives have failed to enrich the rebels immediately.

Germany, an industrial nation of first rank,

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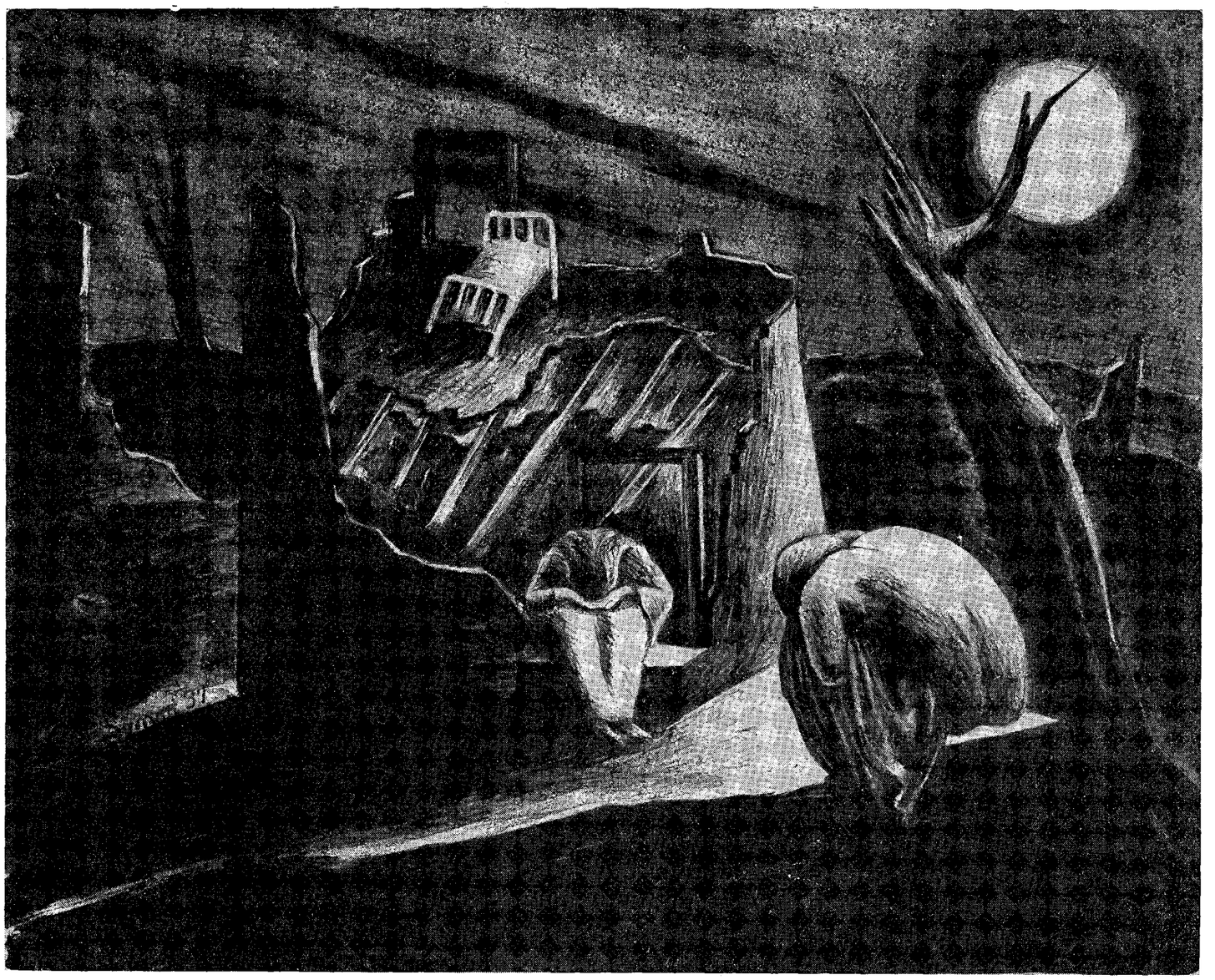
with valuable mineral deposits of its own, desires Spanish ore for two reasons: to increase its industrial output and to prevent the competition of Spanish mines which democracy in Spain would surely bring. Italy, with a vast army, a staggering armament program, and delusions of industrial grandeur, possesses almost no mineral resources: Spanish ore is near, conveniently located, and cheap to exploit.

In the case of the Nazis, iron in Germany runs about 40 percent metal to a ton of ore. Spanish iron yields 50 percent, while Riff ore has the high average of 65 percent. Germany has huge potash deposits; coupled with Spanish potash in Catalonia and Navarre, the Third Reich could hope to dominate the world market and certainly play an even more significant role in Europe than it does at present in the production of fertilizers and other derivatives. Germany needs copper desperately. Sulphur is imperative in the manufacture of explosives, and mercury is used for the same purpose. Manganese, tungsten, vanadium, chromium, all found in Spain, are necessary for the chemical industry and for industrial production. And pyrites, of inestimable importance in the manufacture of explosives, have wide industrial usage as well.

Italy needs the identical materials, plus coal which Germany can also use but can more readily obtain elsewhere. Though Italy mines five million tons of iron yearly, its consumption surpasses this amount six or seven times. Totally lacking in potash, for Italy to take this mineral from Spain would be far cheaper and far more convenient than to import it either from Germany—as Italy does at present—or from the Soviet Union. Sulphur is as necessary for Italian armament as it is for German. Formerly, Spain and Italy together dominated the mercury market of the world. With the Almaden mine in Italian hands, domination would cease to be joint, to the greater profit to the conquerors. Moreover, the Almaden deposits far surpass any Italian mine; in 1935, mercury production in Spain amounted to 60,000 flasks, and in Italy half this amount. Nor was Almaden ever fully exploited; its capacity is two or three times the volume produced during its best year. Spain mined 25,000 tons of copper, Italy none; 80,000 tons of lead, Italy 18,000 tons; 60,000 kilograms of silver (a by-product of lead), Italy 30,000 kilograms.

Such an examination of the needs of the two fascist interventionist nations raises the problem of how the overlapping interests of Italy and Germany can in the event of victory be reconciled. Both want the same minerals, both look for dominance. The solution hardly bodes well for the Rome-Berlin axis, if that understanding outlasts the next year. At present, however, Italy and Germany are willing, in view of the valuable assets in Spain, to join forces for the conquest—like two rival bands of thieves who plan and coöperate in the murder of bank guards and the opening of a particularly difficult safe. Once the loot is ready for division, it becomes a question of strength and wiliness to obtain the major share of the take. Honor among thieves is tenuous enough; honor between the fascist nations of Germany and Italy is hardly a matter on which to wager.



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The New York Election

THE election in New York has been on the surface extraordinarily complex in its party groupings and alignments. One need not pause too long over the purely local factors in an election as important as this. For underneath the complexities and cross currents the main trends of political thought were fully in evidence, the basic issues in American life today, not only in New York but nationally, were being fought out. The battle was preliminary to 1938. It bears directly on 1940.

Independent political action by labor—action in which progressive forces of every kind sink their differences in a united attack on the forces of reaction—has had a magnificent demonstration in New York. The political education of the great producing masses of the people has been decisively advanced. They have gone beyond party labels and looked at the real alignment of forces which candidates represented. The outstanding proof of how keenly aware the people are to real issues is the way in which Tammany's Red scare threw the city into a great state of calm. This inability of Mahoney to make headway by means of Red-baiting is a measure of the political education that the development of events, analyzed in advance and tirelessly explained by the Communists, has afforded the people. As Earl Browder said in his last radio address of the campaign:

The masses of the people do not believe that Roosevelt, LaGuardia, Lewis, and others are Communists, but they have learned to accept the label as a sort of trademark meaning a real progressive. If anyone calls himself a progressive, but his enemies do not call him a Communist, then the masses do not believe in his progressivism any more. If the reactionaries do not hate any public figure sufficiently to call him "Communist," then for the public mind, to all intents and purposes, that man is a reactionary.

The issue in the New York election was progress against reaction. It represented a large-scale regrouping of progressives around the American Labor Party, as part of the realignment of forces which is going on throughout the country. It demonstrated that in the battle for the immediate and limited aims of economic betterment and maintenance of democracy, the unions, the Communists, the Socialists, and progressives of every shade of political opinion can unite and make their pooled strength decisively felt against the reactionaries.

The Fight Goes On

IF four of the Scottsboro boys were innocent enough to be freed, why is Heywood Patterson condemned to spend the rest of his life in prison? He was arrested with the others, tried in the same lynch-law atmosphere on the same perjured testimony. Time and again his conviction was reversed, together with the others'. But now the United States Supreme Court has refused to review Patterson's case, and the ferocious sentence of seventy-five years stands. Four of the Scottsboro boys are walking the streets free; Heywood Patterson and four others are doomed to a living death in an Alabama prison. The complete stultification of all justice, of all common sense, is involved in this situation.

The partial victory which won freedom for four of the nine victims of Alabama lynch law was won by mass action, brilliantly organized and led by the International Labor Defense. The I.L.D., as a member of the Scottsboro Defense Committee, is continuing the fight. A new stage in the battle opens. Millions of protest signatures and resolutions to Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama, can have a salutary effect on Alabama officials who have the power to free all five boys unconditionally. The world knows they are innocent. Alabama admitted it in relinquishing its prosecution of four of them. The job now is to concentrate the invincible power of mass opinion on Alabama, and force the release of the others.

The Basis for Unity

ON the surface the first brief conferences at Washington between committees for the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. served mainly to emphasize the basic differences between the C.I.O.'s position and that of William Green's executive committee members. When the conference recessed for a week, unity still seemed far away.

The C.I.O. had made a sweeping proposal to join the A. F. of L. under conditions which would insure autonomy for itself as a department within the A. F. of L. and guarantee the successful continuation and expansion of industrial unionism in the mass-production industries as well as in several others. The A. F. of L. rejected this offer almost immediately and demanded that the nine international unions now suspended rejoin the A. F. of L., the fate of twenty-three new national and international C.I.O. unions to be determined at some later date—by the A. F. of L.

Replying to this demand, spokesman Philip Murray of the C.I.O. said it would mean abject surrender and a betrayal of their own unions as well as those millions of workers who are still unorganized. Pointing out that the C.I.O.'s record proves the necessity of industrial organization, Mr. Murray stated: "Any compromise of this issue would be compromising the existence of organized labor and negating the completion of the organization of the unorganized workers. Such a compromise could not be participated in by the C.I.O. because it would be fatal for the workers of this country."

Apparently, then, the conference is resuming its deliberations November 4 with but little prospect of a peaceful settlement. The most vital factor making for unity was, however, not given voice by the A. F. of L. conferees. That factor is the rank-and-file determination to achieve a united labor front, to get together behind a broad progressive program geared to the real needs of all workers in modern industry. During the one-week recess just ended a number of A. F. of L. unions and central labor bodies have expressed this determination in messages to their committee urging unity on the basis of industrial unionism.

It is becoming clearer every day to the A. F. of L. membership that unity on any other basis than industrial unionism would mean a headlong retreat for the entire labor movement. The unity negotiations do not center around a question of who surrenders to whom—C.I.O. to A. F. of L., or the other way around—if we consider the two organizations as expressing the actual desires of the members. It is a question of whether the membership of the A. F. of L. will find a way, and quickly, of impressing on their top leadership these simple facts: that this is the fourth decade of the twentieth century, that industry is organized in twentieth-century fashion, and that labor must organize on the same basis.

The Rank and File Acts

RANK-AND-FILE sentiment for unity is manifesting itself in more than resolutions, as a recent episode on the West Coast reveals. On the coast, the A. F. of L. leadership has been trying to work up a boycott of lumber cut by C.I.O. members.

The scene happens to be Hollywood, a

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meeting of the studio local of the Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners, a craft union bossed by Landon's man, Hutcheson. An official interrupts a local meeting devoted to routine affairs. Members listen attentively as he calls all unemployed carpenters for picket duty at the San Pedro dock next morning.

Someone asks: "Is this hot cargo or C.I.O. cargo?" The official assures them that no union cut this cargo of lumber.

Suspecting dirty work, the members call up the longshoremen's local for details and are told that the cargo is C.I.O. The carpenters decide to sabotage the picket line and start a chain of phone calls to other members. Next morning, only eighty carpenters turn up for picket duty at the office of the Teamsters' Union in San Pedro. The "pie-card artists" (paid union officials) expected a thousand or more. Well-dressed officials run hither and yon in an effort to get the picket line started. Bit by bit, the eighty dwindle to fifty, the fifty to forty, the forty to thirty.

The longshoremen, fifteen hundred or so, taunt the officials: "Pie-card, where's your picket line?" Goon squads appear. Federation officers huddle. Obviously they are worried and in disagreement. They come out of their huddle with their problem solved—the last of the pickets have gone home! The rank-and-file members of an A. F. of L. union have demonstrated their solidarity and desire for unity with the workers of the C.I.O.

Girdlerism Doesn't Pay

LAST March when Myron C. Taylor, chairman of U. S. Steel, startled business and industry by signing up with the Committee for Industrial Organization, there was a good deal of loose talk among certain employers to the effect that Mr. Taylor had sold them down the river. And when Tom Girdler elected to fight it out with the S.W.O.C., many executives cheered him on. The C.I.O. was Red, the diehards said; was irresponsible, to deal with it would wreck the industry, Big Steel would soon be sick of its bargain.

Now that third-quarter earnings reports are in for both U. S. Steel and Republic Steel, it is a good time to check up on the soundness of Girdlerism, even from a profit-making standpoint. Mr. Taylor's company, with a C.I.O. contract, earned net profits of $30,617,638 for the three months ending September 30, 1937, as against $23,636,177: 130 percent. Equivalent figures for Republic Steel, Mr. Girdler's concern, are $3,237,156 and $3,311,155—a slight loss. Results for the first nine months of this year (which include the Chicago massacre) are even more decisive. Big Steel netted $95,352,853, in '37 and $29,874,904 in '36, a gain of over 200 percent; Republic earned $9,291,470 as against $6,333,649, a gain of 50 percent. These statements omit the huge strike costs to states and localities that enforced law and order for Girdler. And, of course, they take no account of the human toll that was a by-product of Tom's "sound common-sense" ideas about union labor.

Lynch Law in Florida

ONE of the first items on the order of business of the Senate Committee on Civil Liberties should be an investigation of the Shoemaker case. The legal avenues in Florida are closed to punishment of the uniformed policemen who kidnaped Shoemaker and turned him over to Klansmen, to be cold-bloodedly tortured and mutilated so that he died a week later. The state's feint at prosecution ended, as expected, in an acquittal although the court's exertions in favor of the lynchers proved to be more vigorous and forthright than had been looked for. Florida's lynch-law Governor Frederick P. Cone has underscored this official endorsement of the murder of labor organizers when he said recently, "I think a man ought to be hung on a tree if he advocates the overthrow of government."

Florida's officials, from the governor down, are hand in glove with the Klan and the open-shop employers. They have turned Florida into a territory where the Constitution does not operate and labor has no rights that a chamber of commerce is bound to recognize. If the spotlight of the LaFollette committee can be turned on Florida, it would provide enough additional evidence in a few days to strengthen enormously those progressive forces in Congress, which are determined to put through a federal anti-lynching law at the special session.

Add Freedom of the Press

THE supporters of Spanish fascism in America had little luck with their public propaganda in Franco's behalf. The original Franco committee, organized under the auspices of the *Commonweal* magazine, no longer exists. The mass meeting at Madison Square Garden in New York City on behalf of the rebels was a terrific bust. Far from giving up, however, the rebel sympathizers are taking a different tack. They are working under cover, exerting pressure among South American distributors, mainly pro-Franco in their sympathies, in order to influence American advertisers in the South American market.

The New York *Times* of October 27 carried a little item, tucked away in its "Advertising News and Notes," which gives the game away. It is raw but effective. The only answer is popular counter-pressure against this sort of thing:

> The civil war in Spain has begun to exert a definite influence on the selection of advertising media by American exporters in Latin-American countries, export advertising agencies executives remarked here yesterday. Newspapers there have taken definite editorial stands on the conflict, with the result that South American distributors of American products are recommending that those newspapers with whose editorial policy they do not agree be dropped from advertising lists. Distributors who favor Franco, for instance, are urging American agencies that newspapers supporting the loyalists be dropped, although this is not the reason given. The net result is that agencies here must now be extremely careful in making up newspaper lists for South America.

George Horace Lorimer

THE words of the great dead are not infrequently their own best epitaphs, stamping an indelible rubric on the margin of their obituaries. Far too much has been written of George Horace Lorimer, alive and dead, to make it necessary to point out the career he made of mediocrity. Even the New York *Times* saw him as "a sort of Henry Ford of American literature," whose *Saturday Evening Post* success was based on an undistinguished, cheap, mass-production product designed to match the lowest common denominator of taste and pocketbook. His role is pointedly suggested by the late George Sterling's lines:

> Has someone built an altar to the beautiful and true?
> Be sure the great dog Lorrimor will lift a leg thereto.

The words of Lorimer which most neatly epitomize him are contained in his will, filed for probate last week. After specifying individual bequests to relatives, etc., the document gets down to the run-of-the-mill employees. This paragraph begins, and the well-deserved italics are ours: "To each and every *white* person in my employ . . ." This is the mind that for thirty-eight years exerted a dominant influence on American culture.

Little Hope from Brussels

THE Nine-Power Conference on the Far Eastern crisis has opened with little promise of concrete and speedy achievement. Perhaps the best-founded reason for optimism is the absence of the fascist powers from the meeting. As at the Nyon conference on piracy, which achieved some results, the Brussels meetings will avoid the spectacle of the aggressors passing judgment on the aggressors. Apart from this, the outlook would have been much more hopeful had not Norman Davis, for the United States, and Viscount

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Halifax, for Great Britain, delivered pre-conference statements plainly indicating that neither power was prepared to take the initiative towards effective collective action.

Most speculation turns on the British factor. The number of British troops killed in Shanghai steadily mounts. Recrimination between the Japanese and British commanders in the International Settlement grows increasingly bitter. An impressive bloc in the powerful Seyukai Party in Japan issued a demand for the rupture of diplomatic relations between the two nations, traditional allies. But there is as yet no reason to believe that these developments are more than surface disturbances. The tory clique in power in London, where the real policy is decided, has manifested an open desire to come to terms with the Japanese aggressors, even at further cost to British prestige. Whether they think they can get away with it this time will be revealed as the conference unfolds.

Meanwhile, the quarantine policy espoused by President Roosevelt is still violated even by government commissions in this country. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of October 28 carried an exclusive story, which to our knowledge has not appeared elsewhere, that four obsolete American ships sold at auction by the U.S. Maritime Commission were resold to the Japanese through a British go-between. The ships, *Eastern King, West Harcuvar, Marne,* and *Westward-Ho,* have sailed for Japan, loaded with scrap iron and scrap steel, manned by full Japanese crews imported for this purpose by the Japanese purchasers. An increase in vigilance is certainly needed to make the people's quarantine of Japan effective.

A New Stage in the War Crisis

A NEW type of crisis has been evolving in world affairs.

The starting point may be set in 1931 with Japan's thrust into Manchuria. The deeper roots go further down to the beginning of the world economic crisis in 1929. The Sino-Japanese crisis of 1931 lasted well into 1933 before a truce was signed. That truce became the basis for the present war in China. Hitler came into power in 1933. By the wanton destruction of existing treaties, Germany and Japan contributed the precedents and prepared the ground for Mussolini's war upon Ethiopia in 1935. And in 1936, the invasion of Spain began.

These various crises followed each other like a world, political trip-hammer. They were integrally connected but, by and large, they did not coincide. The crisis brought on by the present Sino-Japanese war begins to take on a somewhat different shape. It started when the Spanish conflict had not yet reached a decisive stage. In Czechoslovakia, the Henlein Nazis had begun to lose ground, to such extent that desperate action by Berlin appeared necessary to save them from possible dissolution. And in Great Britain, a new government, headed by Neville Chamberlain, had come into office with the obvious intention of coming to terms with every possible aggressor.

The new situation in world affairs is the convergence of crises from different directions into a common crisis that refuses, even superficially, to lend itself to localization. It used to be said that the fascist powers took turns at aggression. Now it can be said that each fascist power is openly involved in the aggression of the others, so that it becomes increasingly difficult to tell where one begins and the other leaves off.

Consider the following line-up, taken from the news of only the past week.

The Far East. Japan rejects Belgium's invitation to the Nine-Power Conference. Germany refuses to attend the conference on the ground that Japan will not be present. Thereupon, Mussolini also decides to boycott the meeting. Practically on the eve of the conference, it is announced that Italy intends to become the third signatory to the German-Japanese "anti-communist" pact of November 1936.

General Sadao Araki, Japan's preëminent fascist firebrand, declares that "it is probably necessary for Japan to strike directly at Russia." Three days later, at the fifteenth anniversary of fascism, Mussolini says: "It is necessary to eliminate Bolshevism from Europe."

The Colonies. Following an intense press campaign in Germany for the return of the Kaiser's colonies to the tender mercies of Hitler, Mussolini declares: "It is necessary that great peoples like the German people have again the place to which they are entitled, and which they once had, under the African sun." This speech was delivered on October 28. On October 20, the *Week,* published in London, revealed that British Prime Minister Chamberlain was "studying" the possibility of transferring a British mandate to Germany and "that a definite 'tip-off' to that effect has been given from London to the Wilhelmstrasse."

On October 30, the New York *Times* correspondent in Berlin reports that Hitler was preparing a speech definitely demanding the return of some of Germany's pre-war colonies.

Czechoslovakia. It has long been assumed that the second world war will start, with everybody in, just as soon as Germany marches into Czechoslovakia. Such a march now appears imminent. The routine was tried out in Spain.

The Czech Franco is one Konrad Henlein. His movement, the Sudeten German Party, has been suffering deflation. The government actually forbade a Nazi demonstration and broke it up when it was illegally held. So Henlein waited no longer to raise his war-cry: autonomy for the Czech regions bordering Germany. The German press has taken up the Henlein demand. Hitler was reported planning to voice it in public. In other words, the war in Spain is to be repeated on a greater scale, for the peace of Europe is most likely involved in any such move against the Czechs.

We are approaching a general war crisis into which all the separate crises dovetail.

The fascists make no move unless they feel certain that no counter-move will be made by the democratic powers acting in concert with the Soviet Union. The events of the past week were possible only because the bourgeois democratic powers renounced even the pretensions of democratic diplomacy. The Chamberlain government, far from putting any obstacles in the fascist path to world power, has taken to direct encouragement of the chief war-mongers. Japan was sufficiently encouraged by Great Britain to anticipate the Nine-Power Conference with a "peace" plan which is practically an invitation to Great Britain to share in the Chinese loot. And France and the United States are meekly permitting this to happen despite the very real dangers they incur in the process.

Recognition of Franco would today be an accomplished fact were it not for the Soviet's stalwart defense of obligations which are common to every League member. The Soviet has not wavered. It pursues an inflexible policy for collective security *against* the aggressor and against those who would encourage aggressions by hindering such security. In pursuing this policy the Soviet Union has inspired and strengthened the anti-war, anti-fascist forces in the bourgeois democratic countries. Whoever injures by word or deed the consolidation of the democratic forces against the imminent threat of fascist aggression, hastens by that much the coming of the world holocaust. For the fascist international is awaiting only that day when it can be assured that a direct attack against the Soviet Union will meet with ineffective opposition by the peoples of the bourgeois democracies.

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The Economic Jitters of 1937

The current slump, encouraged by certain sections of finance capital, presents a serious problem to progressive Americans

By David Ramsey

EIGHT years after the Black Friday of 1929, Wall Street had its Black Tuesday of 1937. Twenty-five billion dollars in stock values were wiped out. Overnight the gamblers who had been whooping it up for another runaway market were transformed from rampaging bulls into weeping prophets. The market panic has changed their resuscitated belief that the profit system was invulnerable into the conviction that all is chaos.

Their fright was equaled only by their determination to take advantage of declining production and the market slump to break Roosevelt and smash the labor movement. There is little doubt that they were really frightened at the prospect of another 1929. More than half the rise in stock prices since 1933 has been erased, and there is a steady drop in almost every phase of industry and business. The market panic was no mere technical reaction—the Wall Street explanation for shaking down suckers.

Of course, the scare was only temporary. The rich banked the fires on their yachts, and began to consider what they could get out of the situation. Cautiously they offered the plea that it was more important to save the country than to establish blame. From this, however, they went on to develop a new campaign of hate against the administration and the labor movement for being solely responsible for the slump. Walter Lippmann, the theorist of the coupon clippers, blamed "an administration which disbelieves in the capitalist system." The spokesman for the Rockefeller interests, Winthrop W. Aldrich, went back to the deepest sources of rugged individualism and traced all the ills of the country to the mild reforms imposed upon stock gambling by the Securities Exchange Commission. Finally, the most significant phase of attack began with the cry of the tories that "labor excesses" had upset the recovery applecart.

The basic cause of the slump, of course, is neither the Roosevelt administration nor the C.I.O. The mechanics of the economic downswing are, however, intimately connected with the reactionary program of the Liberty Leaguers. An analysis will show why they are trying to pin the blame upon labor and the reform aspects of the New Deal.

If we are to understand what has taken place, we must follow the slow zigzag climb of American capitalism up from the depths of the crisis. Just as 1929-33 was no "normal" crisis, so 1933-37 was no ordinary period of depression and revival. The system took almost four years finally to reach the production

John Heliker

level of 1929, and after touching this peak in December 1936, it began to sag again. And although the total volume of production hovered around the 1929 mark, per-capita production remained 10 percent below that of the boom year. The following table, taken from the *Statistical Bulletin* of the League of Nations, pictures the recovery movement and its failure to generate another boom.

YEAR	PRODUCTION INDEX	
1929	100.0	
1932	53.8	
1933	63.9	
1934	66.4	
1935	75.6	
1936	88.1	
1937 January	95.8	
April	99.2	
June	95.8	
August	98.3	
October	86.5	(estimate)

The advance was more uneven than the figures indicate. From April 1933 to June 1935 there were no less than three boomlets followed by three recessions, each of which brought production down again to very low levels. Throughout this period the rise in profits and production outstripped improvements in wages and employment. This gap piled up surplus stocks which impeded the upward movement and kept the masses of the population on an economic roller-coaster. Many brakes upon recovery were imposed by the world crisis of capitalism which set in during the World War and has been influencing economic events ever since. In the United States this took the form of industrial overexpansion in relation to the available market, permanent mass unemployment, the dwindling of capital exports and foreign markets, a chronic crisis in agriculture, etc.

The major obstacle to the upward movement was the poverty of the majority of the people who were ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed. Increased production ran ahead of mass purchasing power; real wages did not keep up with the rising cost of living; the huge army of unemployed received a bare pittance of relief; the savings of millions of farmers and lower middle-class people had been destroyed by the crisis.

About the middle of 1935 the recovery phase of the business cycle finally got under way, and the production curve climbed steadily upward. Many factors were involved in priming the economic pump. They are listed here, not necessarily in their order of importance. Manufacturers and industrialists began to replace obsolete machinery and equipment on a large scale; in steel, auto, metal manufacturing, the food industry, etc., they introduced labor-saving machinery of the semi-automatic type. They had a double purpose: to increase labor productivity and to cut wage costs. Billions were spent by the government for war preparations. The war drive of the fascist dictatorships sent up the prices of raw materials (scrap iron, oil, etc.). General governmental expenditures for relief, W.P.A. public works, and the distribution of a billion and a half dollars in bonus money pushed things further along. The workers fought aggressively for higher wages, and in the case of the C.I.O. unions alone added one billion dollars to the purchasing power of the working people. There was also a general rise in wages due in large part to the attempts of the employers to offset C.I.O. organization. Finally, there was a tremendous expansion of installment credits, especially in the automobile industry. In 1936 installment sales amounted to over four billion dollars, and the installment debt was nine billion compared to six billion in 1929.

In general, these factors helped contribute to the recovery of the past two years. But it took place on a shaky foundation. While production went up to the 1929 level, the number of unemployed workers remained very high—about eight million, or four times the pre-crisis number. The cost of living, which rose 24 percent since 1933, cut into the purchasing power of the workers and the lower middle-class people. The bulk of the recovery gain went to the rich. *Business Week* estimated that corporate profits were 1.5 billion dollars in 1935, 2.9 billion in 1936, and would be 4.5 billion in 1937.

The unstable character of the recovery process was shown in the lag of heavy indus-

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try behind those industries producing consumers' goods. Normally, capitalist recovery proceeds with a more rapid increase in producers' goods than in consumers' goods. Usually at the bottom of the cyclical crisis, with production costs scaled down to profitable levels, the capitalists begin to reconstruct and expand their plants. This gives employment to workers in heavy industry, and in turn their increased purchasing power leads to a greater demand for consumers' goods. Thus the march to capitalist recovery begins with heavy industry setting the pace.

During this depression, however, heavy industry failed to act as the recovery spark plug. This was largely due to the overcapacity of the American industrial plant in relation to available markets. The Brookings Institute estimated that American industry operated at only 79 percent of its capacity during the prosperity period of 1925-29. Hence, during the recovery phase, the capitalists were loath to invest in new plants, since contracting internal and external markets increased surplus capacity. Throughout the period 1933-37 there was little building of new factories and plants. Manufacturers and industrialists concentrated on replacing obsolete machinery and on introducing labor-saving devices instead of building new factories. This accounts for the extraordinary boom in machine tools and allied industries, and explains why even today heavy industry has not reached the mark which normally could have been expected.

This peculiarity indicated that the upward movement would not only be slow, but that the boom period of the cycle, if reached, would be very short. The table gives a picture of what took place:

YEAR	PRODUCERS' GOODS	CONSUMERS' GOODS
1929	100.0	100.0
1932	27.6	75.9
1933	41.2	84.2
1934	46.5	83.4
1935	63.2	87.6
1936	82.1	94.5

The consumers'-goods industries, after reaching a peak toward the end of 1936, began to taper off because of the restriction of installment sales and the general inability of the masses to meet the high cost of living. Consequently, the index of consumers' goods dropped from 107.9 in December 1936 to 94.2 in July 1937. This pointed to a general recession in industry. There were other negative forces: the building industry failed to revive to boom levels; the price of raw materials dropped; inventories piled up in the light industries (clothing, textiles, etc.); the international stock exchange crashed in the spring of 1937. With the workers in light industry beginning to be laid off or working part time (clothing, textiles), and the demand for machinery decreasing, a general fall in production was due, and with it would come the inevitable crack-up in the stock market.

By last spring all signs pointed to a slowing down of the economic mechanism. The labor-saving machinery installed from 1935 to 1937 began to displace workers. Buying, in anticipation of price increases, began to slacken as stocks accumulated. Installment sales decreased since the workers were already carrying too heavy a burden. And the tory clamor for relief cuts reduced the purchasing power of the unemployed. (There is no special correlation, but it is interesting that the

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SEEING AMERICA FIRST

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fall in steel production and the tapering down of relief and W.P.A. parallel each other closely.) The international markets began to develop weaknesses. With all these signs on the economic horizon, the happiness boys refused to see the signs of the coming storm. They watched the stock market and not the fundamental barometer of economic activity, industrial production. Thus, when the market began to sink during the middle of August, they were again taken by surprise, although this year, as in 1929, the falling index of production had warned us of a coming slump.

At this point a political factor was introduced, the exact weight of which is hard to gauge. During the summer the economic royalists defeated Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposals and waged their ruthless war against the strikers in little steel. They hoped to use economic sabotage as a further means of bringing Roosevelt to his knees, weakening the labor movement, and shaking down the suckers. Financial sabotage had been used by the British capitalists in 1931 to overthrow the labor government; in France the financial oligarchy employs it as a major weapon against the People's-Front government. There is little doubt that in mid-August Wall Street thought it had Roosevelt on the run and that the time was ripe for a "strike of capital."

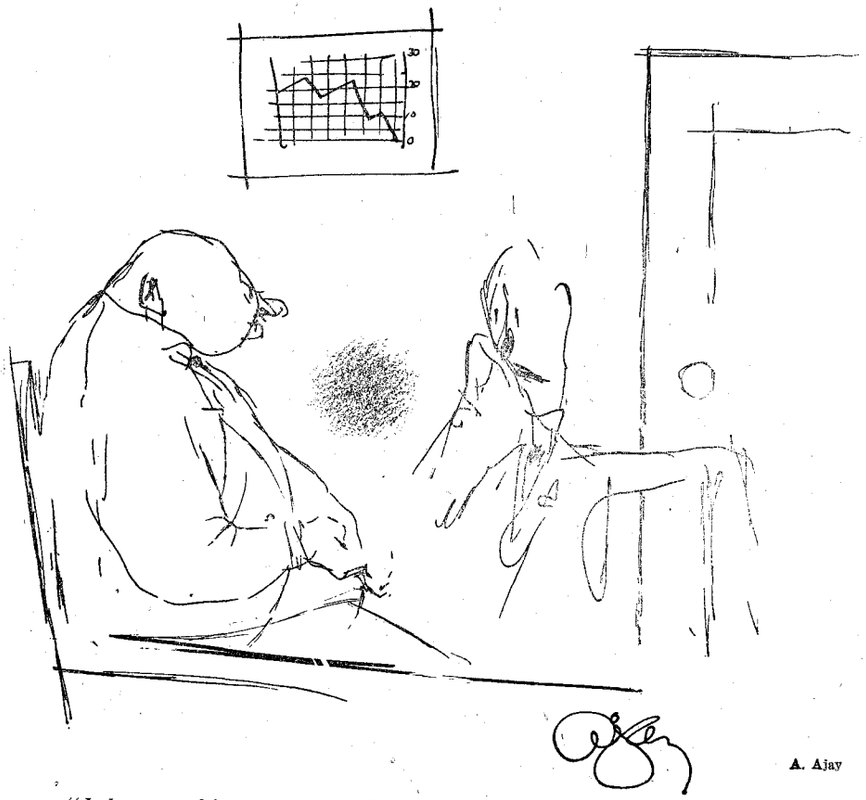
Market rigging and financial finagling took place during the early phase of the stock market decline. In fact, Charles Gay, the head of the New York Stock Exchange, delivered a blast against the S.E.C. just before the market began to slide. There seems to be more than coincidence in this. Of course, Wall Street did not cause the industrial slump by its manipulations. A downswing was in order, and as we have seen, the depth of the fall frightened even the insiders. But sabotage was certainly a factor in the financial panic, although not the basic cause.

Whether the panic got beyond their control, or whether by prearrangement they rode the storm out safely, the financiers plan to take full advantage of what they consider a favorable opportunity. That this is in the air can be seen from the following quotations from London, Amsterdam, and New York. In London, Roger Babson said: "I am very glad to see this (stock market) break because labor has become most unruly." And one of the financial correspondents of the New York *Times* reports that:

> The Dutch see a growing conflict between big finance and big business in the United States and the Roosevelt administration. Some even venture the allegation that Wall Street powers purposely have been creating a bear market with a view to forcing Mr. Roosevelt into a corner.

The reactionaries are trying to counteract the popular enthusiasm shown for Roosevelt during his recent western trip, and at the same time strike a blow at the organizing drives and wage demands of labor. Frank R. Kent put it very clearly in the *Wall Street Journal*.

> The reason business has slumped is because of the absurdly unsound taxation burdens which he (Roosevelt) has imposed, by reason of the labor conditions for which he is responsible, because of the increased cost of production resulting from his policies and because of the fear engendered by the mountainous debt he has piled up and the radical legislative program he now demands.



"I keep asking myself, 'Shall I buy U.S. Steel on margin or another sweepstakes ticket?'"

To save the country and avert a major disaster, Kent then goes on to propose:

> First, repeal of the surplus profits tax; second, modification of the capital gains tax; third, a balance of the budget through economies; fourth, no more disturbing experimental legislation.

This is the program of the reactionaries and they have put pressure on Roosevelt to achieve it. He has already made concessions; he made a budget-balancing speech; the relief program has been curtailed; and reaction scored a big point when the Federal Reserve Board reduced the margin requirements for stock gambling. Wall Street hailed the change in margin requirements as the beginning of an administration "turn to the right." The financial press assumed that this move presaged still another administration retreat expressed in revision of the undisturbed profits tax, modification of the capital gains levy, relaxation of anti-trust law enforcement, and a change in labor policy. But Roosevelt came right back with a reminder that all plans in these fields were secondary to the major question of social reconstruction for decent living conditions for the thirty to forty million Americans who, he said, have almost nothing.

The current slump and the reactionary drive against labor and Roosevelt's reforms confront the progressive forces of this country with a very critical situation. During the last quarter of this year production will probably drop from 15 to 20 percent below the 1936 level. Men are being laid off and part-time work is being introduced on a large scale (railroads, textiles, clothing, utilities, steel). The *Journal of Commerce* believes that a million workers are scheduled to lose their jobs if only the present curtailment plans are carried out. The drop in raw material prices is contracting the purchasing power of the farmers. Industrial failures are increasing.

The industrial decline again verifies the Marxist analysis of capitalism. It demonstrates all over again the need for a planned economy to replace capitalist chaos. Although there are signs of another cyclical crisis of American capitalism, the economic royalists can be prevented from carrying through their program, which may precipitate a worse disaster than that of 1929. That is why at the coming special session of Congress, the question of job security will be the center of the progressive program, together with the continued organization of the unorganized. The C.I.O. has formulated the demand of American labor in the following terms:

> The federal government must recognize the right of every worker to have a job which will permit him to maintain himself and his family on a decent standard of living. For the workers who are now being discharged or laid off, federal funds must be appropriated sufficient to continue the W.P.A. and the P.W.A. for the purpose of assuring every worker a job if he is in need of the same.

Adequate wage and hour legislation, a real housing program, heavy taxation of corporations and the rich, are also necessary. Unless the government rapidly raises the purchasing power of the masses, the outbreak of the next cyclical crisis will be hastened.

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The Algic "Mutiny"

The right to strike is one of the basic issues involved in a case which taints a government commission with Girdlerism

By William L. Standard

IT would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the *Algic* case, now before the federal authorities in Baltimore. Eighteen American seamen are on trial for mutiny. The determination with which the government is prosecuting them indicates the crucial importance attached to the case. Labor is no less keenly aware of the fact that the *Algic* case, which, if it results in convictions will almost certainly land in the Supreme Court, involves basic issues.

The outstanding fact at this writing is that Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Maritime Commission, obviously intends to make the *Algic* case a point of departure for new marine laws and regulations that will in effect deny seamen and other maritime workers the right to strike. Union officials are convinced of this, and ex-members of the *Algic's* crew, refusing bail, have stated: "We are not criminals and never committed a crime, and we are ready to stay in jail until the Department of Commerce, the U.S. Maritime Commission, and the U.S. attorney-general, all acting in concert, recognize the injustice they are doing us and all other seamen who make similar protests. . . ."

Mr. Kennedy has said publicly that he intends to sponsor legislation for the maritime industry patterned after the Railway Labor Act, and apparently he intends to set the stage with this trial of "mutineers" aboard a government-owned vessel.

Let us see, then, what had led up to this decision.

On September 9, the crew of the *Algic,* while in the port of Montevideo, Uruguay, refused to work because of the hazards to which they were exposed by reason of a longshoremen's strike then in progress in the port. The master of the vessel reported this fact to the United States Maritime Commission. The Commission immediately issued the following order: "Instruct crew to proceed with your lawful orders. If they still refuse, warn crew that all still refusing to perform duty will be placed in irons and prosecuted to the full extent of the law on return to the United States."

The statute defining "mutiny" was derived from a statute passed in 1790 and, after an amendment in 1835, remains unchanged up to the present time. One who "unlawfully, and with force or by fraud, or intimidation, usurps the command of such vessel from the master" is guilty of mutiny and may be punished by ten years' imprisonment. (Criminal Code, Section 293.)

The Supreme Court in October 1935 ruled on the applicability of this statute in a case that arose out of the West Coast strike of 1934. In June of 1934 the crew of the *Texan* went on strike in sympathy with West Coast seamen who were striking. The vessel was moored in Brooklyn, N. Y. The crew was discharged and the American-Hawaiian Steamship Co. contended they forfeited their wages in that they were guilty of mutiny. The statute invoked was the one passed in 1790. At the trial as to the conduct of the crew in refusing to work, the United States District Court held that mutiny was not established. The United States Supreme Court's affirmation of this decision disposes, for all purposes, of the question of "mutiny" when seamen strike on board a vessel in a safe harbor. Since Mr. Kennedy is familiar with this decision, it is hard to see how he could feel warranted in taking action against the *Algic's* crew unless the Maritime Commission expects to make capital of the fact that the vessel is government-owned.

The question of whether seamen may strike if employed on a vessel owned by the United States government and operated by it in regular commerce through an agent, raises another and much more serious question, particularly in view of the limited powers granted to the United States Maritime Commission under the 1936 act insofar as questions of "labor relations" are concerned.

The *Algic,* though owned by the government, was operated by the American Republic Line in ordinary trade and in competition with other ship-owners. The American France Lines, American Pioneer Lines, Cosmopolitan Shipping Co., and the Roosevelt Lines, a subsidiary of the International Mercantile Marine, also operate government-owned vessels either as managing agents or managing operators.

That the relationship between these companies, operating government-owned vessels, and the crews is one purely of employer and employee is conceded by the Maritime Commission. The commission recognizes the jurisdiction of the National Labor Relations Board to determine, through election, collective bargaining representatives for the crews of these vessels. (See supplemental decision and direction for election in a case before the N.L.R.B. entitled "American France Lines, et al. and International Seamen's Union of America," R. 157). This decision rendered on September 17 orders an election among crews of vessels operated by the American Republic Line. The crew of the *Algic* is entitled to participate in this election.

A. Alay

The Maritime Commission, in recognizing the jurisdiction of the National Labor Relations Act to order an election, must also recognize the provision of the act which preserves to workers, including seamen, the right to strike, or else frankly proclaim that it intends to put all maritime labor in irons by denying this paramount principle.

The Merchant Marine Act of 1936, in creating the United States Maritime Commission, does give to the commission power to investigate the question of wages and working conditions, but only insofar as it is necessary, under the "direct subsidy" provision of the act, to determine the differential in cost of building and operation between American and foreign standards.

The commission's attempt to determine matters of "labor relations" is really an attempt to usurp the power of the National Labor Relations Board which was created specifically to tackle that problem. In the light of the *Algic* trial, it is obvious that Mr. Kennedy's purpose is to set up a special legal no-man's land wherein maritime workers are exempt from the basic protection of the Wagner Act.

The Maritime Commission was originally created for the sole purpose of evaluating direct ship subsidies, in the hope that the mail contract scandals would be wiped out for all time. It was never the intention of Congress to invest the Maritime Commission in the field of labor relations with powers superior to those of the National Labor Relations Board.

By its actions in the *Algic* case the U.S. Maritime Commission is keeping pace with Ford, Girdler, and Weir. As the N.Y. Maritime Council points out: "It is becoming increasingly clear that the Maritime Commission hearings in Baltimore on the so-called 'mutiny' aboard the *S.S. Algic* is not in fact an impartial inquiry into conditions aboard the ship but an attempt on the part of shipowners, acting in conjunction with the commission, to weaken the position of the union, both with American seamen and with the public generally."

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The Constitution: Problems of 1937

Discussing a letter in this week's Readers' Forum, the author clarifies some points covered in a recent article

By Louis B. Boudin

THE questions raised in Isadore Edelman's letter published elsewhere in this issue are too important to be passed over or disposed of in the usual manner of an author's reply to criticisms contained in letters to the editor. I think they are important enough to be treated on their merits, irrespective of the form in which they are couched, and even at the risk of some repetition. I must, however, in order to avoid further misunderstanding, point out that the mere problem of space involved in a magazine article makes it impossible to make those qualifications and reservations which a more extended discussion might require. In addition there is, in this particular case, the circumstance that I had written on this subject at considerable length elsewhere and that in writing on "The Constitution: 150 Years Later" [Sept. 21 issue] I was, in a sense, bound to assume that my readers were familiar with my other writings. In all probability very few of the readers of the NEW MASSES have read my *Government by Judiciary*. But I have written that book; and for purely stylistic reasons it would be inconvenient for me to repeat what I have said there except by direct quotation, which is bound to be rather awkward. Bearing these things in mind as applying to my last article as well as to the present one, we may proceed to a discussion of the basic questions involved, which are: (1) the true character of the Constitution of 1787 and (2) the real problem confronting us in 1937.

I. Apologia Pro Opera Sua. It should be clear to the readers of the article under discussion that in writing of "The Constitution: 150 Years Later," the emphasis was on the "later," and that the nature of the document adopted in 1787 was considered only insofar as it bore on the problems of 1937. Also, that the principal problem of 1937 is the fight for democracy. That much, I take it, will be conceded to be the "correct line" by all those who realize the menace of fascism and the urgent necessity of fighting it. But to me the menace of fascism is not a matter of today or yesterday, nor is the fight for democracy a *consequence* of the rise of fascism. Contrary to common belief—a belief which unfortunately prevails even in our movement—the rise of fascism was foreseen by Marx and did not come as a complete surprise to Marxists. It is true that we may not have foreseen its exact form, and that the extreme form which it has assumed in Germany would have been considered impossible by most of us a few years ago. But the basic tenet of fascism on its political side—the denial of democracy—and its practical consequence—the attempt to abolish it—as the basic tendencies of capitalism in its reactionary stage had been foreseen by Marx and formed an essential part of his analysis of the tendencies of capitalist development. But it is also part of the Marxian conception of historical development that general tendencies assume particular forms in different countries, depending upon the many factors which go to make up their respective histories and the differences in their present political and economic conditions.

Applying the Marxian theory to American conditions, I had come early to the conclusion that in this country the attempt of the capitalist class to abolish democracy will take the form of the transfer of all power to the Supreme Court. This need not be its only form, nor perhaps its final form. But it will be its most essential form; and the fight for democracy will of necessity have to assume the form of a struggle against the judicial power. The general movement for the abolition of democracy was discernible to the true Marxist during the first decade of this century. Its particular American application became clear to me about the same time. This resulted in my original essay on the subject, published under the title "Government by Judiciary" in the *Political Science Quarterly* of June 1911.

Considering the matter basic, I repeatedly urged its importance on the socialist movement, while applying myself to those studies which were embodied in my larger work under the same title, which appeared in 1932. Unfortunately our movement was not, at the time, sufficiently prepared to appreciate the importance of the struggle against the judicial power. We were still laboring under the misapprehension, which then passed for "radicalism," that governmental forms are of no importance from a revolutionary point of view. I do not recall whether any one of my critic-reviewers had accused me of being a "right deviationist," but I do recall being charged by one of my radical critics with wasting a lot of good time and effort on so utterly unimportant a subject as the role of the Supreme Court in our system of government, since—so the argument ran—whatever the form of government, it will be Wall Street that will do the governing.

I take it that we are past that stage now. I was going to say "happily past," but I recalled in time that the fact that we *are* past that stage is nothing to the credit of our Edelmans and their conception of true Marxian or revolutionary doctrine. The sad, sad truth is that it was Mr. Adolf Hitler who forcibly reminded us that Karl Marx and his disciples had put some store by forms of government. But apparently there are still some in our midst who have not learned the full import of that lesson, and this makes the present discussion necessary.

II. The Constitution and the Problems of 1937. I should have thought that some things may be taken for granted in discussions among Marxists. One of these things is that a constitution formulated and adopted in a class society will of necessity be a class document. No one would therefore have a right to assume that in criticizing the Beard-Myers school of American constitutional history, I had intended to deny the "class nature" of the United States Constitution, even if I had said nothing positive on the subject. But, as a matter of fact, I had said just that. I not only referred to the adoption of the United States Constitution as part of the *historic mission of the bourgeoisie,* which clearly "class angles" it, but one of the important points in the article under discussion, stressed again and again, is that the Constitution adopted in 1787 was an instrument of efficient capitalism, while the Constitution now being imposed upon us by the Supreme Court is an instrument of inefficient capitalism. The general class character of the Constitution could not therefore be made any clearer.

The more specific question of the nature of the classes involved was not part of the discussion in that article. Since the question has been raised, however, I shall discuss it in some detail further below. But, first of all, we must understand the nature of the problem before us. And as to that, it is quite clear that whatever the lack of democracy in the Constitution of 1787, that lack is not part of our problem today. We certainly are not worried today over the fact that one third of the Senate is elected every two years instead of the whole Senate being elected every six years. Nor over the subject of indirect elections. And it happens to be a fact—contrary to Mr. Edelman's assertion—that the Constitution contains no provision for a limited franchise. Also, contrary to common belief, *there is no provision in the Constitution as it came from the framers guaranteeing the existence of any of the rights of private property.* It is this that justifies my statement that the Constitution is "largely a neutral instrument" insofar as social change is concerned.

The fact is that there is absolutely nothing

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in the original Constitution as it came from the framers that *need worry us today*. Our worries are of an entirely different character. Our principal, not to say only, worry is the power of the courts to declare laws unconstitutional, *a power which is not given by the Constitution*. And it is somewhat ironic, in view of Mr. Edelman's taking up the cudgels for the Bill of Rights, that the instrument which the Supreme Court uses to declare labor legislation and all other progressive laws unconstitutional is this very Bill of Rights. That is not, of course, the fault of the Bill of Rights. But it is nevertheless true that without the Bill of Rights the Supreme Court would have had no lever whereby to upset the Constitution as originally drafted and adopted. It is at this point that what happened in 1787 and immediately afterward ties up with the problems of 1937.

III. The Framers and Their Handiwork. It is the thesis of the reactionaries and the pseudo-liberals of the Beard-Myers school that the United States Constitution was designed by the propertied classes, principally the business interests, as a protection to property against the onslaughts of popular government. This view I believe to be utterly erroneous, notwithstanding the fact that the Constitution was adopted by the American people not in the flush of revolutionary ardor but in the "gray dawn of the morning after," and that that mood is of necessity reflected in the document. It is not true, to begin with, that there was any danger from "popular government" before the United States Constitution was adopted, *since there was no popular government at that time*. The then existing state governments were based on limited franchise, the limitations being prescribed by the respective state constitutions. Nor could the United States Constitution effect any change in this respect, since it provides that the House of Representatives shall be elected by the same franchise as "the most numerous branch of the state legislature," while the senators were to be elected by the state legislatures. In other words, the question of franchise is left in the hands of the separate states.

Nor is it true that the business interests controlled the Constitutional Convention, although it is true that they engineered the calling of the convention and were largely interested in the adoption of the Constitution. The true situation was this: the business interests were not particularly concerned at this time with the problem of more or less democracy, and the debates in the Constitutional Convention show that on the question of democracy the division was not that of business interests on the one side and agricultural interests on the other. What the business interests were concerned with primarily was the creation of *one nation* in the place of thirteen states, which was in line with the nation-building role of capitalism at that stage. But, as already stated, the business interests were not in control of the convention. The Constitution as it came from the framers was, therefore, a compromise between the centralizing tendencies of the business interests and the anti-centralization preferences of the agricultural interests.

The true situation—the fact that the line-up of forces for or against the Constitution was not along the line of democracy or anti-democracy—is best illustrated by the attitude of Rhode Island. That state had the most undemocratic constitution of any of the original thirteen states. So strongly were the anti-democratic forces entrenched in that state that this undemocratic constitution remained in force until 1842, long after most of the other states had adopted democratic constitutions. It took a rebellion, the Dorr rebellion, to abolish this extremely undemocratic and utterly archaic constitution. But Rhode Island was the most pronounced opponent of the United States Constitution. It refused to send delegates to the Constitutional Convention and was never represented at that convention. It also refused to ratify the Constitution, and did not actually accept it until a year after the government was actually operating under the new constitution, and Rhode Island was confronted with the alternative of either adhering to the Constitution or staying out of the Union.

IV. Alexander Hamilton versus Thomas Jefferson. "A glaring example," says Mr. Edelman, "of Mr. Boudin's apologetics is his attempt to foist upon Alexander Hamilton a democratic attitude toward the United States legislature." This is not only the exact reverse from the truth but nonsense in itself. In addition it shows a woeful lack of understanding of the word "democratic" in this connection. The word "democratic" had an entirely different meaning in 1787 from what it has today, and one would assume that a Communist who believes in democratic centralization should know more about the subject than Mr. Edelman apparently does. It is rather important for the movement that we get some light on the subject if we would not labor under the confusion from which Mr. Edelman suffers.

Perhaps the best way of clearing up that confusion is by a discussion of the relative positions of Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson toward the end of the eighteenth century and the first decades of the twentieth century. There can be no doubt of the fact that in 1787 and the years immediately following, Alexander Hamilton represented the undemocratic forces of this country while Jefferson represented the democratic forces. I have discussed this subject at considerable length elsewhere and need not go into it here again. *But, and here's the rub, "democratic" as used in this connection meant anti-centralization while "undemocratic" meant centralization.* Hamilton wanted an all-powerful federal legislature so that it could pass laws which would weld the thirteen separate states into one nation ruled by a strong central government. This was necessary for the capitalist interests which Hamilton represented. On the other hand, the agricultural interests, represented by Jefferson, had no need of centralized government and were therefore fearful of it. Both men knew that centralized government was an efficient instrument of capitalism, and their attitude toward this question was determined by the respective interests which they represented.

Arthur Getz

The Constitution as it came from the hands of the framers was rather favorable to the Hamiltonian view, although it did not wholly represent it. The Jeffersonians, fearing centralization, forced the adoption of the Bill of Rights, which was intended to *limit the powers of the government* at least insofar as individual rights are concerned. But individual rights meant to Jefferson no less than to Hamilton the protection of *property rights*. It matters little that the kind of property in which Jefferson was interested was not the same as that which interested Hamilton. Nor is it of any particular consequence in this connection what relative emphasis either placed on each of the three terms involved in the formula "life, liberty, and property." The important thing in our connection is that Hamilton was willing to accept the Constitution without any mention of any one of these rights, while Jefferson insisted that some form of protection for all of them be inserted in the Constitution; and that it is at the insistence of the Jeffersonians that the notion of any special protection to property was introduced into the Constitution with the ultimate, even though probably unforeseen, result of giving the judiciary a handle to limit the power of the legislature and a lever for the aggrandizement of their own power.

Mr. Edelman seems to think that in addition to "putting over" a reactionary constitution on the people of the United States, Hamilton succeeded in putting over on me a false notion as to his alleged democracy by some "pronouncements," whatever that may mean. Well, all I can say is that if Mr. Edelman will take the trouble to read the last appendix to the first volume of my *Government by Judiciary*, he will find the relevant documentary evidence which consists of something much more important than mere "pronouncements."

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Class Relations Are Decisive

Commenting on Louis B. Boudin's constitutional interpretations, the secretary of the Communist Party emphasizes the central issue involved

By Earl Browder

MR. EDELMAN'S letter and Mr. Boudin's reply would, perhaps, under other circumstances stimulate me to enter fully into the discussion. But pressure of more immediate tasks makes this impossible. This occasion, however, can be seized for a more limited purpose, that is, to give an indication of a line of discussion which, in my humble opinion, would be worth following up among serious Marxists.

Reserving certain points of difference with Boudin's original article, it is my opinion that it was a serious and praiseworthy contribution to a much neglected question. I can by no means agree that it is a "vulgarized distortion" or a "right-opportunist deviation." Its conclusions coincide with those of the statement issued by the Communist Party on the occasion of the anniversary of the Constitution. Edelman jumped to conclusions not justified by Boudin's article, read into it views which were not there.

Boudin's exposure of how the "economic interpretation" of the undoubtedly progressive Beard is used today by reactionaries for their own ends performed a useful service. Recognition of this does not make a reactionary of Beard, nor dispose of the valuable work he has done. Neither does it give a license for smart youngsters to make faces at Beard on the basis of undigested Marxian theory and an almost complete ignorance of the simple *facts* of American history. But certainly it is necessary, once for all, for the Marxists to begin a serious study of American history which, from the outset, breaks through the limitations of the "economic interpretation" school equally with those of its derivative "debunking" school, a study which will strive for the depth and broad sweep of understanding of Marx and Engels, of Lenin and Stalin.

It is precisely the central weakness of the Beard school that it does not see the class struggle as the motive force in history. It is rather strange that Edelman thinks its strength lies in its understanding of the "class nature and intent of the Constitution." My own criticism of Boudin's handling of the question is quite different. It seems to me that Boudin, for example, in belittling the importance of the Bill of Rights and the struggle to write it into the Constitution before that document was ratified, is thinking more in terms of the constitutional lawyer than of the student of class struggles. In terms of constitutional theory, the Bill of Rights may have added nothing, as Boudin contends (this is seriously debatable), but the fight for it undoubtedly was a decisive factor in crystallizing the party of Jefferson and preparing its practical dominance in the republic's most crucial years.

No one has shown more forcibly than Boudin that the Constitution is in effect what the Supreme Court says it is, and not what the ordinary citizen may find in its relatively simple terms. This is true from the viewpoint of legal theory. President Roosevelt recently spoke for the Constitution as a "layman's document" as against a "lawyer's document"; this did honor to his democratic intentions, and was a contribution to the struggle to make it a fact in reality. But the United States government, which he heads, has issued a big, fat volume explaining what *is* the Constitution that is actually enforced—made up 99 percent of Supreme Court decisions, the essence of which is legal hair-splitting. Only a mass struggle of the people can reclaim the Constitution from the jurists, and thereby change the legal theory.

But can we say that the constitutional history of the United States is the history of the evolution of legal thought, of the struggle of logic between rival hair-splitters? That would be nonsense, the rejection of all basis for social science. Which hair is chosen, and just how it shall be split, is determined by the relation of class forces in society. Never was this better demonstrated than in 1937 when Roosevelt's Court Reform Bill, defeated in Congress though it was, still effectively called a halt to the epidemic of judicial vetoes, and caused the Court to see a new light on the constitutionality of minimum wage laws and a few other things.

I must say that it seems to me that Boudin often falls, in the course of his arguments, into consideration of abstract legal theories at the expense of the underlying class forces. This perhaps accounts for his uncritical acceptance of the traditional view, which he shares with the Beard school, that, as Boudin expresses it, "*'democratic' as used in this connection meant anti-centralization while 'undemocratic' meant centralization.*" This formula is accurate only for periods when the democratic forces were in opposition and the anti-democratic forces were in power, such as the first twelve years under the Constitution. But it certainly does not account for Jefferson, as President, exercising a centralized power such as no other President has done, the power to ignore the Constitution in a question vital to the whole future of the nation, as in the Louisiana Purchase. And certainly it hasn't the slightest relation to the present day, when the anti-democratic forces are the extreme decentralizers on principle (of course, here again for the moment only) while the democratic forces must struggle for a government of sufficiently centralized powers to enforce national policies requisite for the preservation of democracy. The political alignments have been and are constantly in flux in relation to abstract principles such as "centralization" of its opposite, but the class groupings and antagonisms are much more stable.

Boudin's devotion to the aspect of legal theory is also probably responsible for his mistake, which flows from the previous one, when he says: "Individual rights meant to Jefferson no less than to Hamilton the protection of property rights. *It matters little* (my emphasis —E. B.) that the kind of property in which Jefferson was interested was not the same as that which interested Hamilton." Now it happens that from the standpoint of legal theory that is true, but from the standpoint of class relations and class struggle it is untrue. Precisely "the kind of property" was what mattered most of all, at that time, in determining whether democracy should prevail. If individual private property of the kind in which Jefferson was interested should prevail, widespread ownership of the land by its cultivators, that in itself was the basis and guarantee of democracy. It is because that kind of private property has been divorced from the great mass of the population, and no adequate economic basis for democracy has taken its place, that democracy is threatened by destruction in the United States as in the rest of the capitalist world.

Thus Boudin missed the essential question of the struggle between Hamilton and Jefferson, and this also accounts for the weakness with which he links up the struggle against the Supreme Court today with the basic problem of the democratic masses, namely, the problem of conquering for themselves an economic foundation to replace the lost one of individual ownership of the means of production. This is the issue that binds the problems of immediate economic betterment with the final struggle for socialism.

Notwithstanding these weaknesses of Boudin's articles (perhaps others could be pointed out), they remain valuable and instructive contributions to our current thought, which in the main agree in their conclusions with the program of action of the Communist Party. Boudin's strength arises out of the application of the Marxian method to the problems of constitutional law; his weaknesses arise from excessive preoccupation with legal theory in a field which can only be dealt with effectively in terms of class struggle.

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READERS' FORUM

Concerning Mr. Boudin on the Constitution—From the "Eagle" strike front—The Federal Music Project

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Louis B. Boudin's article on the Constitution [issue of September 21], represents, despite the author's qualifications as a constitutional lawyer, a tendency toward a vulgarized distortion of the Communist position as outlined by Browder. In fact, it is more than a tendency. It is—I don't like to use that phrase, but it is the most apt—a right-opportunist deviation.

Professor Beard's perception of social forces at work is limited by his lack of a dialectical approach, but his analysis of the framing of the Constitution proper, i. e., minus the amendments, is basically correct. The Constitution *is* a result of the efforts of the propertied elements who feared and mistrusted the masses. The checks and balances, the election of one-third of the Senate every two years, indirect elections, limited franchise, and many other features, prove that those who engineered the Constitutional Convention were predominantly anti-democratic. More than an ironical remark is needed to explode the "legend" created by the Beard-Myers school about the class nature and intent of the Constitution. It is also not "largely a neutral instrument," but an instrument heavily loaded in favor of the existing social order and against attempts to change it. Our awareness of the deficiences of the Beard-Myers school must not induce us to empty the baby with the bath.

Our task as Communists — twentieth-century Americans—is not to whitewash the reactionaries of 1787 and their handiwork. What we must point out is that the exponents of democracy at that time protested and fought against the barriers erected against popular expression; that we are continuing the work of Jefferson, Jackson, and others in their struggle to democratize the Constitution. We accept the Bill of Rights and the democratic aspects of the Constitution. We wash our hands of, and surely need not wax apologetic over, the rest of the document to the point of characterizing it as "that venerable and worthy instrument of government." In short, our opposition to the encroachments of the Supreme Court need not induce us to take the Constitution *in toto* under our protective wings. We shall fail in our duty to the masses if we do not consistently expose all other anti-democratic features of the Constitution while directing our main fire against the Supreme Court.

A glaring example of Mr. Boudin's apologetics is his attempt to foist upon Hamilton a democratic attitude toward the United States legislature. Nothing could be more absurd and more naïve than to ascribe democratic intentions to the arch-enemy of democracy. Mr. Boudin may as well judge a Liberty Leaguer's enthusiasm for liberty by his fervent pronouncements.

We would be creating disastrous illusions in the minds of the masses and confusion in our own ranks if we swallow the slogan Mr. Boudin proposes for the working class to "Save the Constitution by depriving the Supreme Court of the power to pervert or destroy it."

New York. ISIDOR EDELMAN.

(*Articles on the Constitution by Mr. Boudin and Earl Browder appear on pages 18 and 20.*)

An "Eagle" Strike Sidelight

TO THE NEW MASSES:

We are not at liberty to use the name of a large New York department store, but we think the following story about it will be of interest to you.

The League of Women Shoppers voted to support the striking workers of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle,* and one way of helping was to visit advertisers of the struck paper to ask them to withdraw their advertisements until the strike had been satisfactorily settled.

We were received very favorably by one outstanding New York store which has a Brooklyn branch and the management informed us that although they could not stop advertising they would be glad to run a piece of copy with their regular advertisement saying, "Our Brooklyn customers are entitled to news about prices and fashions, but this in no way means that we sympathize with the labor policy of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle.*" The copy was sent to the *Eagle* and the advertising manager promptly informed the department store that "the following statement is not acceptable for publication." The management of the *Eagle* went even further and suggested that the store substitute "Our Brooklyn customers are entitled to news about prices and fashions but this does not mean that we in any way support either the management or the strikers of the Brooklyn *Eagle.*"

The department store refused to run the copy as suggested by the management!

FRANCIS NEWMARK, *Executive Secretary,*
League of Women Shoppers, Inc.

On W.P.A. Music

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Reading between the lines of Mr. Darrell's article on the prospective program of the W.P.A. Federal Music Project for the coming season [issue of October 12] one may divine that he is in favor of that sort of thing. He favors it seemingly under some sort of constraint, perhaps a feeling that he *must* favor it to conform to the policy of the NEW MASSES, causing a painful burden to fall on his literary imagination, for he confesses not to be acquainted with the project's work to date; a constraint from which he would be more than freed if he had attended some of the many outstanding performances given during the comparatively brief span of its existence.

Perhaps the elaborate analogies of ant homes and aquatic microcosms were developed in a laudable attempt to enlist public interest in the continued sustenance of the music project. But the ridiculous and unfortunate implications of vermicular scale are either stupid or indeed, so to speak, lousy. They would certainly have been impossible, even to Mr. Darrell, had he heard the splendid performances in the Mozart-Haydn series which have created such great expectations for the forthcoming Beethoven series, the Melody Singers, the unsurpassed Madrigal Singers, and many of the soloists and chamber groups, to mention only those with which I am familiar. I think the distinct air of condescension would quickly change to one of complete embarrassment at his first experience of the quality which supports this monumental and invaluable program.

I am not a member of the music project, I am a member of its audience. During the past two years, to the best of my recollection, I have not attended a musical or a theatrical performance not under the federal ægis, partly of course because I cannot afford them, partly because in the case of the theater there is not much else I care to see; in the case of music because they offer all I need.

New York. LINCOLN ROTHSCHILD.

Reviewer Darrell Replies

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Mr. Rothschild is so assiduous a between-line reader that he seems to have missed the direct sense of my words. Acknowledging unfamiliarity with certain aspects of the vast activity of the Federal Music Project is hardly a complete confession of ignorance of its achievements or its many outstanding performances. And it is quite unnecessary for him to "divine" that I am "in favor of that sort of thing" or that my literary imagination was unduly strained. He is obviously ignorant of the fact that since I began writing concert notes for the NEW MASSES about a year ago, I have—on many occasions and in unequivocal terms—praised the project's work and commended it to every reader's attention; that I have reviewed outstanding performances with enthusiasm or regret as I appraised their quality.

In addition to that of October 12, the February 9 and June 8 articles were devoted exclusively to the F.M.P., and its activities were discussed and its concerts reviewed at various lengths in the issues of December 1, 1936, January 26, February 9 and 23, March 16 and 30, April 27, and June 29, 1937. Considering the relative infrequency of appearance of these notes, the proportion of space devoted to the F.M.P. is certainly neither unfair nor inadequate, and Mr. Rothschild is the first to discover a distinct or any other air of condescension toward the project in my comments.

I can't quarrel with his interpreting my words as he pleases, but I do with his unfounded misinterpretation of my motives. I am in favor (and wholeheartedly) of the F.M.P. and I have never needed any prompting to say so. Indeed, I have found it necessary to struggle against allowing my favoritism to cloud my appraisals of its performances, cf. (June 8) "I've found it hard to evaluate with stern critical honesty work with which I feel strong sympathy, work motivated by admirable purposes and ideals."

When F.M.P. concerts have failed to measure up to expectations, up to the standards their best work has set, I've been disappointed and said so (if they had been given under other auspices, I would have refused to review the performance) because I believe —to quote again from the June 8 article—"in such a case the best pal is truly the severest critic who holds up an emphatic danger signal to this self-satisfied move in a dangerous direction."

Mr. Rothschild, in citing various F.M.P. groups, adds "to mention only those with which I am familiar." My October 12 article was intended to call attention to the multitudinous other F.M.P. groups and their activities with many of which neither he nor I am familiar. My analogies were hardly elaborate, but it is regrettable that they struck even one reader as unfortunate, not to say lousy. They were indeed an attempt to enlist public interest in the continued sustenance of the music project and were stupid if they failed in that attempt. I used them in an attempt to express the amazement I and surely other observers feel in watching the vast F.M.P. activity, the difficulty we have in prophesying its eventual results and in determining the immediate and eventual effects of its powerful impact on the musical life of the country.

If Mr. Rothschild feels that the F.M.P. concerts offer all he needs in music and I feel that my own musical experiences should not be restricted to them or any other single source, it's simply a question of each to his taste and his opportunities; I shouldn't dare to say that it is he who derives the less pleasure and value. I respect and share his admiration for the F.M.P. Before he opens a barrage on its enemies he had better make sure of their identity and question himself whether blind enthusiasm is not poor friendship. The project's own members are not unconscious of shortcomings in some performances; they and every honest supporter will welcome sympathetic help, not only for the vital continuance of federal subsidy and publicity for its concerts, but also in elevating and maintaining standards of programs and performances at a level fully worthy of the project's high artistic significance.

R. D. DARRELL.

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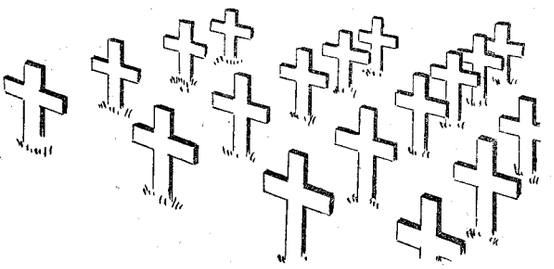

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Briffault's novel of social disaster in post-war England—A handful of books on various phases of Americana and the arts

ROBERT BRIFFAULT'S second novel* continues the adventures of Julian Bern and his indistinguishable friend who tells the story. It lingers for some time among the rich, who have become less idle and more boring after the outbreak of the World War; then plunges into the trenches, into the Russian revolution, and comes to rest in the middle of despondency and exhaustion that characterized post-war England. The sophisticated burlesque that was European aristocracy before the war has been closed by the censorship of events, and Mr. Briffault is not as comfortable in another theater. But he sits doggedly through the English tragi-comedy of upper-class greed shuffling about in threadbare cloaks of patriotism and humanitarian sympathy. He gets excited over the melodramatic surface of revolution in Russia. And when the ending of the war once more releases the antics of the rich in England, he has been purged of any desire to participate.

The articulation of events in this new novel is as careless as in *Europa,* and since the episodes are more varied, the distinguished passages float disconsolately among the commonplace. Trench fighting and soldiers on leave offer Briffault no chance of excelling Barbusse, Dos Passos, or even Zweig and Remarque. He is still at his best when consorting with the upper classes. But for this milieu he has now gained the detachment of contempt, which permits him on one occasion to beat Aldous Huxley at his own game. What Mr. Eden's and Mr. Chamberlain's conduct of international policy is driving at, Briffault has exposed in a single brilliant episode. The unctuous brazen hypocrisy of these British statesmen enables them to act in favor of invested wealth under cover of benevolent terminology. But the overpowering course of events forces them occasionally into a fumbling support of their democratic pretenses, and the empire crumbles. This is, I take it, the intended theme of *Europa in Limbo,* and it clearly emerges from its own fumbled expression elsewhere in the dramatic clarity of the weekend at Clinton Abbey. Sententious political conversation here conceals the depravity of titled lives. But the servants are more frankly contaminated; cannot carry either their liquor or their suppressed desires so well; and drunken orgies below stairs end with the house in flames. Though the satire is as droll as Huxley's, it is not content merely to clarify personal idiosyncracy. Briffault's Marxism enables him to penetrate beneath the personal futility and disclose the social disaster.

It is now clear, therefore, that Briffault has a plan, and a good plan for a series of novels; and to help him achieve it one can only hope that he will at length pay some attention to the attacks of his critics. The careless verve, the willful distortion of *Europa* was appropriate to its frenzied decadence. But now that the progress of his story demands the abandonment of the Rabelaisian, Briffault's style tends to alternate between the dull and the melodramatic. The descent into dullness in certain passages of *Europa in Limbo* retains the comfort of probability, but the melodramatic chapters predict the loss of probability altogether.

In them Julian and the pretty Russian princess he has now married find themselves caught between their Soviet friends and their White Guard relatives in a little Ukrainian village that is alternately occupied by the Whites and the Reds. Here is a new theme which is as significant as it is difficult to express; for it concerns an unstable, untypical, Russian minority. It calls for the most careful discriminations. But Briffault hurries through the external actions so carelessly that none of them have the slightest ring of probability. If this episode is to expand, as it ought, into the theme of a third novel, he must shift his attention from action to motivation, or the narrative will degenerate into a detective story of espionage. The sincerity of Briffault's communism and the seriousness of his original design deserve a better fate.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

* EUROPA IN LIMBO, *by Robert Briffault. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.75.

American Odyssey

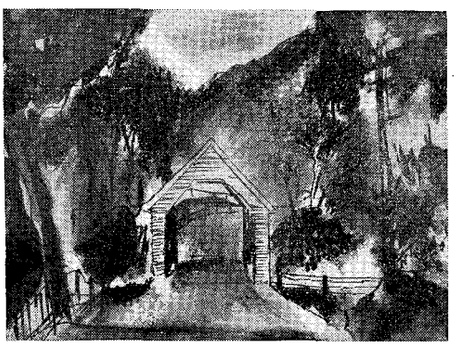
LITTLE GOLDEN AMERICA, *by Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov. Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.75.

FOR more than two months Ilf and Petrov went up and down the United States in their mouse-colored Ford, "a grain of dust chased by a gasoline storm." This book is their letter home about it all.

They were looking for America, as they had told the Dutch Treat Club in New York before setting out, and had been advised in New York, in Washington, and in Mark Twain's Hartford that they had to seek elsewhere. (This was late in 1935, and the toastmaster's rejoinder was that, if they came back after November 6, 1936, they would know what America had decided to be and where to find it.) As it was, Ilf and Petrov looked at a pre-C.I.O. America.

They saw the Danbury Fair and the death house at Sing Sing, prize fights, strip-tease shows, rodeos, the Ford Plant (including Henry himself), Chicago which depressed them and the desert which thrilled them. Driven by the irrepressible speed-demon Mrs. Adams and guided by her husband—surely one of the unforgettable characters of travel literature—they talked to hitch-hikers and policemen, hotel keepers, artists, Mexican laborers, filling-station attendants, and everybody else that came within range of Mrs. Adams's voice. In Carmel they saw Lincoln Steffens on his death bed; in Hollywood they met film folk high and low. They paid particular attention to the small town (the book was called "One-Story America" in the Russian) and were fascinated by its deadly dullness and sameness. They didn't like the food, gagged at the theater and movies; they marvelled at the willingness of chance-met people to tell all about themselves and their hopeless lack of curiosity about others. And they were continuously impressed by the physical comforts and conveniences available in plentitude on every side, which, they decided, were "not at all a sign of luxury, but standardized and accessible." They found life superbly organized for the comfort of man and the machine he drives, if he has a machine to drive. A thousand references bear testimony to their admiration for American efficiency, trustworthiness in matters of appointments, and general intelligence in the mechanics of existence.

And not for one minute were they fooled. They saw the slums behind the main streets, the poverty on which the piled-up wealth rested, the lack of content in the apparently opulent life that flaunted its outward symbols everywhere. They saw and wrote about America before the chorus of slander against the Soviet Union had attained its present high pitch, with its "fear psychoses" orchestration, so this estimate of the American state of mind is not a reply, but an independent observation.



John Lonergan

The country is now facing its own *reductio ad absurdum.* It is capable now, today, of feeding a billion people, and yet it cannot feed its own hundred and twenty millions. It has everything needed to create a peaceful life for its people, yet it has come to such a pass that the entire population is in a state of unrest; the unemployed fears that he will never again find a job; the employed fears that he will lose his job; the farmer fears a crop failure, because then prices will increase and it will cost him more to buy bread, but he also fears a good crop, because then prices will fall and he will have to sell his produce for a pittance. The rich fear that bandits will kidnap their children, bandits fear that they will be placed in the electric chair. Immigrants fear that they will be deported from America; Negroes fear that they will be lynched;

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politicians fear elections; the average man fears illness, because then doctors will take everything he owns; the merchant fears that racketeers will come and riddle his store counters with a machine-gun fusillade.

What they could not foresee was the transition of great masses of the population from a fear psychology to a fighting mood, as the C.I.O. rose and flourished, as the movement for a national farmer-labor party takes shape; nor could they foresee the new spirit that has come into American life in the last eighteen months. HERMAN MICHELSON.

Jewish Immigrants

THE MOTHER, *by Sholem Asch. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $2.50.

STORIES about immigrant families almost invariably have a certain folk charm. Hardships in retrospect, in the telling of them, often achieve a humorous, even magical quality which this translation from the Yiddish skillfully conveys. Asch's family of Polish Jews meets the bitter implications of its poverty with shrewdness, tenderness, irony, prayer, and a sense of the comic in misfortune.

These qualities, as well as the ever present feeling for the lifebearing power of human labor, are crystallized in a speech by Ansel, the father, to his family on their first Passover in America:

> How is it that I, a Jew, a Scripture reader in the old home, and so, of course, in spite of everything a scholar, how is it that I should be sitting in a room with Gentile wenches and doing a woman's work, sewing shirts? When I think this over thoroughly—and while one is busy sewing is a splendid time to think things over—it seems to me that I have developed into an entirely different Ansel, a better, more admirable, more honest Ansel, who serves God more honestly than formerly in the old home. . . . I am not eating bread which I have not earned. Then I praise God and give thanks that he made a workingman of me. Oh it isn't so simple a matter, this sewing shirts, it's a great thing; all one needs to do is just to give the idea thoughtful consideration.

This occurs almost in the middle of the book, and save for the inclusion of one or two later episodes, it would have been better had the story ended here, in all its pleasant simplicity.

The second half is chiefly devoted to the affair of the daughter, Deborah, with a young sculptor, Buchholz, whom she leaves in the end, for his own good, so to speak, so that he can go off to Paris with his scholarship and a lady with Oriental eyes and good connections. Asch implies a parallel between the sacrifices of Deborah for Buchholz and those of her mother, the heroic Sarah, for her husband and children. In this parallel, the idea of the *Mother,* symbolized in Buchholz's statue of Deborah, is lent a mystical significance. But in this new motherhood, art has taken the place of life.

This substitution is brought out very clearly by an overdrawn incident. Deborah, in order to continue working and posing for Buchholz, has an abortion without his knowledge. While she is still weak from the operation, Buchholz is inspired by her to do his best work. The unborn child becomes a real as well as symbolic sacrifice to the statue.

The falsity, the lack of necessity of such a sacrifice is apparent from the artificially romantic treatment of the whole relationship. The idea of motherhood has also degenerated considerably. Whereas Sarah's relation to her family was that of a real individual, a tower of bodily and spiritual strength, Deborah merely "mothers" her sculptor, lets him creep back to the womb where, in forgetfulness of reality, he is supposed to produce masterpieces. This return to the mother is not new in modern literature, just as it is routine in modern psychology. Because he is not able to treat this theme of frustration objectively, to give it a material basis, Asch has fallen for the bourgeois separation of art and life, exalting all sacrifices of art to life as events in an eternal tragedy.

Early in the book, Ansel shouts to his wife who is crying over a letter from her eldest son in America, "Let me read, for heaven's sake, you can cry later on." This moment of dramatic insight on Asch's part is impossible without a clear sense of values and understanding of Ansel's weakness and desire to escape. But Buchholz never achieves the reality of one such shout. He is art wandering through the park with leaves in his hair while other people worry about the rent. He is out of date.

CLARENCE WEINSTOCK.

Dementia Praecox

MANIA, *by Lawrence M. Jayson. Funk & Wagnalls Co.* $2.

THIS is an autobiography which, in somewhat fictionized form, tells the surface story of a man's mental illness and struggle back to health. The success of Mr. Jayson's admittedly unusual recovery from dementia præcox comes from the strong life-drive within him rather than from any very definite help that he received. "We did not cure you at all," a doctor tells him when he is recovered. "You cured yourself. Our function was simply to provide the ideal conditions so that your mind could wrestle with the problems and solve them accurately." With all sympathy for the human fact of Mr. Jayson's illness, the reader will feel that the real forces for sickness and health—both within and outside the mind—are hardly touched on in Mr. Jayson's book.

Marcella Broudo

A recent NEW MASSES article gave a cruel insight into the social reality within which the problem of insanity must be set—inadequate state appropriations, underpaid help in state hospitals, lack of proper supervision outside of hospitals. When I visited a state hospital during the low point of the depression, I asked a nurse—among other things—how many patients there were on the average to a single nurse. She said that an average of ten was considered right both for proper treatment and for the safety of the nursing staff, but that because of low appropriations there were actually a hundred to a single nurse. Whether or not this may have been an exaggeration, it certainly explains a statement in Mr. Jayson's book, that in a certain institution those "in the 'violent' ward" were "the dregs of humanity and treated as such—hollow, rotting hulks sent to finish lives which could not be ended legally any other way."

That Mr. Jayson was not in such an institution was fortunate for him. He also was fortunate in having a sympathetic and fairly well-to-do family to which to return after his recovery. Yet easy as Mr. Jayson's story is, the reader will feel understandingly the psychological reluctance felt by the author and by some of the friends he made within the hospital to return to the world "outside." "The nearest thing to heaven," his friend Joe says, "is a place like this." And as things go in the world now, it is only too true that for many people only a fierce life-drive and some ultimate hope makes it possible to go on living. One person out of twenty does—for a short period or permanently—retreat from a difficult world into the easier adjustment of psychosis. Yet to Mr. Jayson there does not seem to occur the answer our friend Mike Gold gives every day—"change the world."

MILLEN BRAND.

Dutch Uncle of the Arts

THE ARTS, *by Willem Hendrik van Loon. Illustrated by the author. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.

SPOTTING a ten-year-old boy and girl holding a drawing portfolio and a violin case as his train stops at a particularly ugly bit of American landscape, Mr. van Loon decides he will write a book on the arts for them. Then, almost as though he had invited the kids to pull up chairs beside his table in the dining-car, where in this emergency he must illustrate his examples on the tablecloth with his butter knife, he proceeds to talk to them about the beauty of art and its history like a Dutch uncle.

Mr. van Loon genuinely enjoys art and

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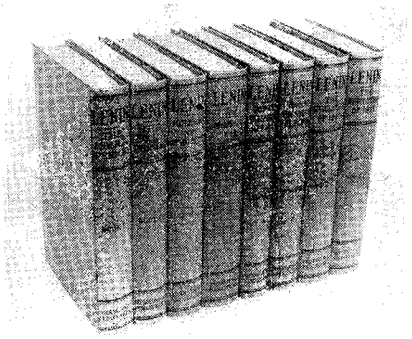

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wants to share his enjoyment. His discourse is primarily a sales talk to win the uninitiated over to an understanding and appreciation of art in general and actual participation in some specific category—even as a hobby. His single idea is that art enriches a person's life. While he necessarily recognizes economic and political forces that have affected art, he hasn't a great deal of interest in art as it has affected economics and politics. Art is to him "essentially a one-man experience," and "man is not a rational animal and hates logic as a cat hates water."

Every illustration is a van Loon drawing, and, unlike the elaborate diagrams in his *Geography*, the majority of them are useless as documentation. Cave drawings, Greek sculptures, mosaics, even impressionist paintings are all redone in the author's (after all) definitely limited technique.

Like the drawings, the text is informal, entertaining, superficial, often inaccurate, and so hurriedly written that in spite of the book's impressive size and the vastness of its subject matter, there crops up throughout the feeling that Uncle Willem is glancing at his watch and that we must soon leave his table and let his train take him off to do another book on another important subject.

CROCKETT JOHNSON.

Behind W.P.A. Footlights

BREAD AND CIRCUSES, *by Willson Whitman. Oxford University Press.* $1.75.

THE federal government went into the show business not only to keep people fed, but to keep them employed at tasks which made use of their particular skills. Out of this twofold purpose of the Federal Theater Project, other consequences arose. An entire class, which had been cut off from the theater by high prices and the restriction of the theater to small sections of the country, once again saw "real live plays." The dramatic level of these plays rose gradually from *Lightnin'* and *Broken Dishes* to social criticism, the classics, and finally to new theatrical forms.

In her exciting story of this project, Miss Whitman sees the government once again subsidizing the "pioneer":

> As long as the land held out, the subsidy took the form of free land grants, to individuals as well as railroads. Now that all the continent is claimed and cleared and Hollywood staked out by big business, the new pioneers, if they have the spirit to seek adventure, must find it not in physical movement but in exploring new regions of the mind; and here again the government offers a grub-stake.

The project thus becomes, not a receptacle for the unemployable, cast-off talent of the commercial theater, but a cultural vanguard, fighting on a front where the intellectual and financial domination of Hollywood may be challenged, and new goals evolved which the commercial theater is either too shortsighted to envision or too unstable to attain.

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"actors must eat," the Federal Theater not only took up the unemployment slack of *all* the theatrical professions in centers like New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, but set out to foster the theater in regions where it had been moribund for two decades. Since the sole criterion was suitability to existing conditions, an infinite variety of organization and production followed: circuses, puppet shows, tent shows, vaudeville, opera, minstrel shows, radio skits, phonograph recordings, and legitimate drama of every kind and period. The pressure to avoid conflict with private enterprise, the limited relief funds available, plus a feeling among the people in charge that large sections of the public were debarred by purely economic exigencies from a kind of entertainment they might vastly enjoy, all led to simplicity in production and a low scale of admission. The response of the public on the one hand, and on the other the artistic quality achieved in the face of such obstacles as constantly changing personnel, red tape, and the hostility of many newspapers, astonished even the most ardent protagonists of the government's scheme.

Miss Whitman does an excellent job in documenting the hostility against which the Federal Theater has had to contend, of the reactionary press, of theatrical figures, like Brock Pemberton who should know a great deal better, of politicians (the old "boondoggling" song), of disgruntled ex-project workers. The social slant of many of the plays naturally drew a barrage from the start; the New York project in particular has been under fire for its left ideas. But as Miss Whitman points out, "the New York group is avowedly experimental, and that is the direction in which experiment lies."

She likewise calls attention to the many novel ways in which the project has succeeded in integrating its work with community life, ranging from active participation in psychiatric work and the combatting of juvenile delinquency to the stimulus which visiting companies have exercised on local dramatic talent and ambition. She also points out that the inroads made on the low-priced entertainment audience have antagonized Hollywood which may soon move into open opposition.

Miss Whitman is heart and soul in sympathy with her subject. And rightly so, for the Federal Theater is one of the heartening instances of the American tradition of energy and initiative seeking new outlets, rising up against the shackles of monopoly, of unemployment, defeatism, and outworn ideas. Where she errs is in her practically unqualified approval. The Federal Theater, it appears, has done no wrong. It is easy to see how she had been forced into such a position by the stupidity of the opposition the project has encountered. But it is doing the project, and the men and women who look to it for a salvation, a grave disservice to ignore its shortcomings. She ignores completely the issue of red tape and bureaucracy. She does not even hint at the nightmare of inefficiency

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which centralization in Washington, constant changes of policy, and lay administration brought about, and which drove one worker after another from administrative positions in despair or exhaustion. The wonder was, not that individual productions were not better, but that they were not much worse. Miss Whitman says, "A slight shuffling about of administrative appointments has not, as yet, harmed the project." To any one familiar with the facts, such understatement is almost ludicrous. Miss Whitman exalts Mrs. Flanagan as the leading spirit of the project; and so she is, and its debt to her vision and leadership is inestimable. But there have been long periods when her hands were tied and her best efforts completely thwarted. The matter of censorship is also dismissed with an undeserved coat of whitewash. The affair of *Ethiopia* is cited as an isolated instance: what about the projected Living Newspaper treatment of the sharecroppers and lynching? What about *The Cradle Will Rock?*

The author's attitude towards the unionization and militancy of the project workers is extremely sympathetic. But here again she sees through rose-colored glasses. The project workers won and kept the right to organize through a struggle which is hardly described by the brief words: "Despite their handicaps the workers of the Federal Theater are fortunate in having from their management a genuinely sympathetic and coöperative attitude, which extends to tolerance and even encouragement of labor organizations."

In visualizing the future of the Federal Theater, Miss Whitman indicates the conflict between relief and the cultural aims implicit in its present structure, but she does not suggest any direct solution. She does weigh the ability of private enterprises or a system of regional subsidies under local control to achieve the best of what the present project is doing, and dismisses both. No other set-up, she feels, could equal the contribution of the Federal Theater. ELEANOR FLEXNER.

★

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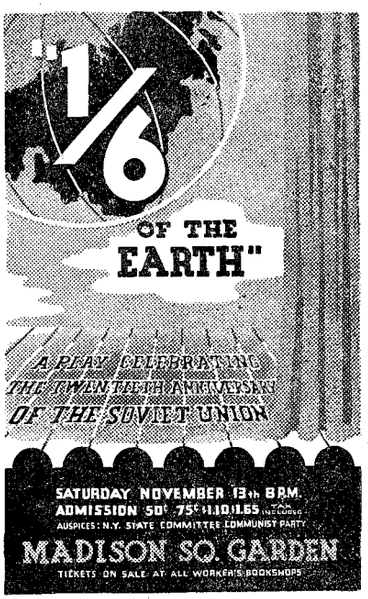
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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

March of empire in the movies, including Boyer and Garbo—Music, dance, and theater

THE major current film offerings make a deep bow to nationalism and the spirit of empire. Both *Victoria the Great* (R.K.O.-Radio) and *Conquest* (M.G.M.) center around the lives of historic rulers. *Victoria the Great,* as the name implies, is a eulogy of the sixty-year reign of the British queen who godmothered the steady growth of British capitalism and its increasing colonial expansion. The film is a stately and dignified tribute to her reign, which should please those Britons on whom the sun never sets and which the rest of us will find rather boring despite (or because of) all its pomp and pageantry.

Like any film which covers such a long period, it tends to become episodic, placing the accent only on the highlights of Victoria's career. These episodes, however, provide some of the only human interest the film has. The sequences in which the queen finds and proposes to her Albert and those dealing with her shifting relationship to him are handled with tenderness and delicacy.

Perhaps the outstanding aspect of the film is the authenticity of its details. No effort has been spared to reproduce the palaces of Kensington, St. James, and Buckingham. The film is heavily documented with excerpts from Victoria's diary. Every speech made by any of her ministers has been carefully checked against the original. And yet all this stress on the life of the queen herself nonchalantly overlooks some of the more terrible aspects of her rule—the factory riots, the increased exploitation of the workers at home and in the colonies, the devastating famine in Ireland. Victoria may have been crowned Empress of India in a blaze of glory, which the use of technicolor at the close of the film seeks to emphasize, but the darker spots in her career still have their repercussions, in life if not on the silver screen.

Conquest, the new Garbo-Boyer vehicle, moves more rapidly than *Victoria,* though it is a much longer film. The story centers on Napoleon's rise to power and his final defeat and exile. Maria Waleska, you may remember, is the Polish countess who left her wealthy but aging husband to become Napoleon's mistress and the mother of his illegitimate son. She followed him through all the hazards of his career, content to remain in the background while he climbed to ever new heights.

Not only was Waleska shadowed by Napoleon's personality, but it is to Charles Boyer that all the honors of this film go for his excellent portrayal of the emperor. (Garbo, for once, seems eclipsed by her male lead.) In fact, so closely does Boyer identify himself with the character of the squat, determined marshal, that only his voice serves to remind you of the existence of the film star. Bit by bit, as he builds up his role, you can see Napoleon change from the young idealist who dreams of equality for all people to the power-drunk emperor who pushes the conquest of foreign soil and dreams of enhancing his own glory. And as he grows in power, so do the people he rules begin to grumble more and more, until finally, at the gates of Moscow, in the bitter cold of that winter which marked the turning point of his career, Napoleon hears one of his own men berate him soundly for his cruel treatment of the army and the people of France.

Except for Boyer's acting, however, this film is just one more elaboration of the Napoleon saga, and it makes no more startling a contribution than to treat frankly of his illegitimate son. The script, which contains some clever dialogue, was written by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel, and S. N. Behrman.

HILL FREDERICKS.

CONCERT MUSIC

IF I subscribed unflinchingly to my own theories I'd never go near a piano recital, but inconsistency is often more of a virtue than a vice, and besides I've had a weakness for the British pianist, Kathleen Long, ever since she used to make Mozart and Couperin and Moffat recordings for the old National Gramophonic Society. That was around 1928, and for years afterward her name was unknown—except to a few disc collectors—in this country. But when she made her first American appearance at Town Hall (October 13), she had a remarkably well-developed audience. It takes time, but a good Mozart player can't be hidden under a bushel forever. Miss Long isn't a Gieseking, but she makes a better program. She's a first-rate pianist, and she gets all her own straightforwardness and vivacity into her playing. An Arne sonata and an astonishing *Forlorne Hope* by John Dowland (a chromatic fugue ranking with those by Sweelinck and Bach) were the high points for me, but I even sat through the pretentious Bax sonata and the "linked sweetness, long drawn out" of the big Schubert B-flat sonata. The enterprising Musicraft Co. got a batch of recordings from Miss Long during her stay here, and they're to be looked forward to eagerly by anyone interested in really musicianly and exuberant piano playing.

After that pleasant experience I didn't hesitate to hear Ernst Victor Wolff's piano-harpsichord recital (October 24). As a pianist he lacks Long's warmth and grace, but as a harpsichordist he's one of the best, and his performance of the Handel E-major suite (ending with the famous air and variations that have been christened "The Harmonious Blacksmith") was a gem, and called forth an encore that was even better, a witty *Burleske* by Bach's favorite pupil, Krebs. The major item, a C. P. E. Bach D-minor concerto, with string quintet, was nice and dull: Mr. Wolff's craftsmanship deserved more significant material.

But perhaps the edge was taken off such

"Marie! This milk is sour!" Richter

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sober merits by my having just come from the excitements of Marc Blitzstein's *Singspiel* broadcast on the Columbia Workshop Program. Hearing it in the studio I got a very lopsided perspective of *I've Got the Tune* (the soloists communing intimately with their mikes and the radio public of how many millions are virtually inaudible to the studio audience), but even so it packed a terrific punch and struck me as being one of the most brilliant attempts at achieving a peculiarly radiogenic musical form. Certainly none of the highly publicized C.B.S. composer commissions resulted in anything as novel and stimulating. I'm anxious to hear transcriptions of the program as it actually sounded on the air, and get Blitzstein's own story on the work. It deserves a detailed report, for it's going to be heard from again and I hope often. Incidentally the fascist scene and the later snatch of "Solidarity Forever" must have caused many a genteel dialer to wake up with a start from his Sunday-evening snooze.

The symphony orchestras have got under way with Mr. Barbirolli helping to make the Beethoven Seventh as hackneyed as the "Eroica" and Fifth, and with Mr. Ormandy doing batonless Stokowski gestures over the visiting Philadelphians. They both better get into high gear before the fabulous Toscanini broadcast symphony begins to set an unmatchable pace. Rodzinski and Monteux are to conduct several preliminary programs, and I'm looking forward to those by the deft Frenchman more than to those of the master himself. Monteux has never been given his due in this country; he hasn't much "color" or box-office appeal, but he's as fine a musician as we have and without a peer in the art of programmaking. I suppose, however, it's too much to hope that we get his incomparable performance of the *Sacre du Printemps*.

Finally a melancholy note on concerts we can't hear: the Philharmonic-Symphony Chamber Orchestral series (sponsored by Bennington College) has been abandoned for "lack of public support." And it had to be in Denver that a remarkable Schönberg series was given (Kolisch String Quartet at the Denver Art Museum, October 12-14) preceded by a talk by Schönberg himself on the arresting subject, "How One Becomes Lonely." No composer is better qualified to speak. But I'm afraid it may prompt Howard Hanson or someone of equally absorbent tonal digestive tracts to do a Dale Carnegie lecture on winning friends. R. D. DARRELL.

THE DANCE

THE Monte Carlo Ballet Russe had the NEW MASSES reviewer sitting in the first tier of the Diamond Horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House, more exactly in the box of the Duchess of Roxberghe, whoever she may be—and it was a good show, box, ballet, and all. There's no getting away from it—for all the partisanship of this department toward the more earnest, profound, provocative modern dance, there is something

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about the color of the ballet and the brilliance of its dancers that makes for outright good entertainment. And sometimes, even de Basil's expatriate troupe of Russians is capable of developing beyond its lock, stock, and barrel tricks to satire that isn't altogether slapstick.

Of the new works, *Le Coq d'Or* (*The Golden Cockerel*) is a Fokine ballet based on the Pushkin fairy tale, a rather broad comedy at the expense of a doddering idiot of a king who is still sensible enough not to like the business of mounting a horse and going off to the wars. *Francesca da Rimini*, based on the Dante love story and staged by Lichine, has its emotionally tender spots, but like much in the ballet is given over pretty much to the typical romantic sentimentalities. Lichine is also responsible for the other new items: *The Gods Go a-Begging* and *The Amorous Lion.*

If you're particularly fond of the spectacular, you'll like them. Lichine's work is a bit poverty-stricken, but Danilova, Riabouchinska, Baronova, and especially Massine are good to watch. They have enough verve, grace, and theatrical sense to make for a bright, if tinsel, evening.

The modern dance season was launched with a program of dances and dance characterizations by Blanche Evan and Benjamin Zemach, Zemach stealing whatever honors there were with two folk interpretations: *A Little Man and His Dreams* and *Joyous* (a recitation from the poetry of the Hebrew Bialick).

Blanche Evan chooses her materials well. Her program lists such dances as *An Opportunist, On the Fence, Redder Than the Rose,* and *Nazi Dialogues.* But her analysis of this material is inclined to be thin, too often easy, and not always good. We are past laughing at either the meek (*In Meekness*) or those who walk *On the Fence;* we're inclined not to view the dreams of an office girl (*An Office Girl Dreams*) as a subject for satire; and *Moving Into Action,* remembering Spain, is no easily joyous gesture. What Blanche Evan brings to an audience is her perception of the principal forces at work in her contemporary scene, and her not altogether unhealthy attitude toward the church, the liberal, and the *Redder Than the Rose;* what she lacks is a more mature understanding. Her characters are rather caricatures; she needs to give a little human quality and human sympathy to her dances.

Nazi Dialogues, based on André Malraux's *Days of Wrath,* should have been a good dance. Instead, it was a sentimentalizing of the anti-Nazi theme. It is not enough to want to "change the world." Such young dancers as Blanche Evan, dancing with their revolutionary comrades, need education and direction.

OWEN BURKE.

THE THEATER

THE pure radical gospel of Christ versus the corrupt conservative gospelizing of worldly churchmen might well serve, in this day when the church is playing so important a role for better or for worse in the historic struggle for peace and freedom, as the basis for a memorable play. Certainly that dramatic conflict invades all our lives, and rocks the world with its thunder. But the impact of a conflict in dramatic form is measured by the extent to which its ramified meanings and its magnitude are made clear to its audience, and for this reason *Many Mansions* comes a miserable cropper. The clear-eyed young pastor who takes seriously his Christian ethics, with their heavy weighting of solicitude for broad human values, may charge as he will against the windmills of consolidated bishopry and boards of trustees, but it is bound to seem unimportant—so much sound and fury—so long as the social roots and fruits of the clashing forces remain obscured, distorted, or ignored. Playwrights Jules Eckert Goodman and his son Eckert, however earnestly they may feel their message, have cut themselves off needlessly from a major conflict of our time, in which the church is playing an ever more dramatic role. If they had looked a little closer at their subject, they might have written a topical play of great dramatic force and social dynamics; as it is, they are boring Broadway with their tiddledywinks. If they disagree, let them read Mike Gold's paraphrase of Mr. Dooley in this issue—which, in a few hundred words of casual friendly palaver between two cronies and co-religionists, delivers a dramatic wallop equal to that of a dozen such plays as *Many Mansions.* Isn't it about time that some playwright who takes his craft seriously investigated and chronicled such a situation as that surrounding the relations of militantly pro-loyalist Father O'Flanagan and the pro-Franco Irish hierarchy?

It is good to see Eugene O'Neill's *S.S. Glencairn* quartet of one-acters (*Moon of the Caribbees, In the Zone, Bound East for Cardiff,* and *The Long Voyage Home*) on the boards again, full of their careful observation of the life of sailor-men and infused with an honest and unsentimental humanity. This time the Federal Negro Theater Project (which did that notable *Macbeth*) has put them on in Harlem's Lafayette Theater, and while certain language difficulties crop up in an all-Negro cast's handling of the polyglot assortment of characters, minor script changes help, and the natural vitality of the plays and of the Negro actors make this offering of *S. S. Glencairn* definitely worth seeing.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

★

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"Come of Age." Clemence Dane's verse play in jazz rhythms presented by Columbia Workshop, Sun., Nov. 7, 8 p.m., C.B.S.

Negro Education Week. Dr. J. C. Wright, assistant commissioner for vocational education, and President Whittaker of South Carolina College will speak on the importance of Negro education, Wed., Nov. 10, 2:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Armistice Day Program. Wellington Koo speaks for China; the Marquess of Lothian, secretary of the Rhodes Trust, for England; Count Paul Teleki, former minister of foreign affairs and former prime minister, for Hungary; Signora Margherita Sarfatti, author of biography of Mussolini, for Italy; and Nicholas Murray Butler for the United States, Thurs., Nov. 11, 3 p.m., C.B.S.

Must America Fight Again? America's Town Meeting of the Air features prominent speakers, Thurs., Nov. 11, 9:30 p.m. N.B.C. blue.

President Roosevelt. The President will give his tenth Fireside Chat on the eve of the convening of Congress, Sun., Nov. 14, 10:30 p.m., C.B.S.

Maury Maverick. The congressman from Texas will speak on "What's Ahead of Congress at the Special Session," Tues., Nov. 16, 9 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Concert Music. The Philharmonic Symphony Society with John Barbirolli conducting, Sun., Nov. 7, 3 p.m., C.B.S.; Rochester Civic Orchestra with Guy Fraser Harrison conducting, Mon., Nov. 8, 3 p.m., N.B.C. blue; Rochester Philharmonic, Jose Iturbi conducting, Thurs., Nov. 11, 9 p.m., N.B.C. blue; Music Appreciation Hour, Damrosch conducting, Fri., Nov. 12, 2 p.m., N.B.C. red and blue; N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux, Sat., Nov. 13, N.B.C. red and blue.

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GO TO HELL

with

Art Young

A REVIEW BY MIKE GOLD

[*Digested from the* NEW MASSES *for February 6, 1934.*]

SINCE Mark Twain, have there been many clearer notes expressed of the basic American folk-mind than may be found in the drawings of Art Young? All the virtues and faults of the American people are contained in these shrewd scratchings of a master-pen: the credulity, the good-natured humor, the scorn for windbags, political and ecclesiastical, a sort of generous gambling spirit, an instinctive hatred of injustice, a simplicity and homely barnyard greatness.

Art Young carries over into the modern social revolution this native tradition of a cornfed socialism that extends from Abraham Lincoln down through Mark Twain, and Bob Ingersoll, Walt Whitman, Thomas Nast, Edward Bellamy, Brann the Iconoclast, Ryan Walker, Carl Sandburg, the old Appeal to Reason and Eugene V. Debs.

It was a socialism that often went off the deep end into ineffective bathos, but at other times attained the strength and inevitability of all living things with roots in the soil. It is a power that is being lost, somehow; perhaps the skyscraper, the aeroplane, and the immensity of monopoly-capitalism in its fascist imperialist stage have forever changed the tempo of political life, and laid different and sterner demands on those who fight against the mounting horror of an insane and futile system.

Yet, I for one, believe that any young revolutionary trade unionist has a great deal to learn by studying the life of Gene Debs, just as any young Communist artist may gain immensely by studying the work of Art Young, who is still, after forty years of activity, a master propagandist of the American revolution.

Few intellectuals, by taking thought, can acquire such sensitive relation to the unwritten lore of the masses. It is instructive to observe, for instance, with what wit and strategy Art Young has conducted a flank attack on the profiteers of religion. Growing up in the atmosphere of the first Darwinian controversy, Art pierced to the heart of it all, even as a young man. Religion was another of the capitalist methods of policing the mind of workers and farmers, and keeping them humping. Religion was based on fear, and little else. Just as on earth, the masses had been taught the fear that chaos and hunger might follow if they shook off Andy Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, just so had they been persuaded that if they rebelled a monstrous pit of hell awaited them in eternity. It was one of the most useful lies ever invented by a master-class, and many wage-slaves, Art Young observed, fought bitterly against those who tried to liberate them from this fear.

There was no use trying to deprive these dupes of their marvelous future in Hell. It would be better, Art decided, to accept the reality of their Hell and make a visit there. Perhaps a report on conditions, an exposure such as the muckrakers were making of American politics at the time, would influence some of the patriots of Hell. So in 1892, Art Young found an entrance to Hell in Chicago, went all the way down, looked around, interviewed the King, and returned to tell all. He discovered, he says, that the ancient abyss was becoming industrialized. "Slowly, the old King had managed to build a few railroads, coal chutes, eelvators running from one circle down to another, and everywhere I saw machines built for particular kinds of punishment."

Art warned the old King then that some of the big capitalists might band together when they got to Hell, form a trust, grab all the successful enterprises and crowd Satan to the wall. But the King dismissed the warming as absurd.

Art revisited him briefly in 1900, disguised as an old-fashioned minister named the Reverend Hiprah Hunt, who was grateful to find Satan still secure on his throne, and the Region an even worse place than he had expected.

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Art pictures and describes the old native inhabitants; the Imps of worry, hypocrisy, bluff, vulgarity, hurry, and chance. They met him at the entrance to Hell, over the massive gates of which was a great Rotary sign: "You are now entering Hell. Welcome." Art met a wealthy friend, fortunately, and was able to do a little sightseeing. "But most sinners are immediately hurried into the heat and smell."

Art draws a road map of the Region, with its pipe lines for oil, looney islands, airport stations, sanitariums, football stadiums, and other modern developments going ninety miles down. He faithfully describes it all in pictures, some of which have the dark diabolic power and imagination of Gustav Doré, one of Art's masters, others the prairie mother-wit that Art Young learned from nobody but himself.

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